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WEBSTER'S RECITER;

OR,

ELOCUTION MADE EASY.

PLAINLY SHOWING

THE PROPER ATTITUDES OF THE FIGURE,

THE VARIOUS EXPRESSIONS OF THE FACE,

AND

THE DIFFERENT INFLEXIONS AND MODULATIONS OF THE VOICE.

CLEARLY EXPLAINED BY NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS.

ALSO CONTAINING

CHOICE SELECTIONS OF THE MOST THRILLING, PASSIONATE, HEROIC, AND PATRIOTIC SPEECHES AND POEMS, WITH APPROPRIATE INSTRUCTIONS TO ENABLE THE LEARNER TO FIT HIMSELF FOR EITHER THE STAGE, THE BAR, THE FORUM, OR THE PULPIT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WEBSTER'S PRACTICAL LETTER WRITER."

H. L. Williams

NEW YORK:
ROBERT M. DE WITT, PUBLISHER,
No. 33 Rose Street,
Between Duane and Frankfort Streets.

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PREFACE.

THIS volume is not intended for any particular class or section of individuals. The aim has been to render it of use to all. The unlearned, equally with the learned, we are satisfied, may glean useful information from the great variety of topics most carefully gathered to enhance the utility of this book. Innumerable as are the number of publications devoted to the Art of Eloquence, they nearly all fail of fully answering their intention by one of two faults. Either they are so overlapped with abstruse and recondite learning, as to be scarcely intelligible to the most profound pundit, or they are so simple and childish as to be beneath the notice of the least educated reader. In all our rules, illustrations and examples, we have endeavored to make our reasons so obvious that even "he that runs may read"—while we have at the same time sought to arouse the pupil's reasoning and reflective powers, so that he would feel that he was acting from intelligible motives.

The author desires that the pupil should fully understand, and make every effort to convey to his listeners, every idea, emotion and shade of thought expressed by the many EXAMPLES which we have compiled for his instruction. These selections vary from the deepest tragedy to the lightest comedy—

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

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Each individual will find that the perusal and study of this book, though it may fail to render him a Demosthenes or a Cicero—will yet so quicken and improve his natural gifts that his one talent may be increased to ten; he will find his attitude more graceful; his gestures more expressive, his voice more powerful, and his whole physical powers improved. While giving appropriate utterance to the noble, sublime, beautiful and amusing lines of our great writers will expand the mind and polish the manners.

THE AUTHOR.

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WEBSTER'S RECITER.

INTRODUCTION.

A TONGUEY man generally carries rocks in his pocket, and if this is not always the case, yet the converse is almost invariably true: that the man who sits like an owl in company, and looks unutterable things, but says nothing, goes "with many a hungry belly," as our old friend John Bunyan expresses it.

However cleverly or wisely a man may think, nobody is the better for his thoughts unless he lets them out. It is also better, for their own sake, that they should take the air; for the correct expression of one's ideas is an aid to correct thinking. Rivers that run are clearer than stagnant pools and sluggish streams.

Many a rustic, just emerged from the woods, has been taken for a fool, or something near it, when he first came to a seaport town, for the reason that he had never been accustomed to converse except with his oxen, his horses, or his sheep, and such terms as these can appreciate are not well adapted to bipeds of the human stripe.

But, after the man has lived awhile in town, daily associating with his own species, he has brightened up, like a scoured saucepan, and in many cases, has out-stripped those who enjoyed every advantage of academies, colleges, and polite acquaintances, from the start.

Talents which are folded in a napkin and tucked away

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out of sight, remain unproductive to the end; and little does a young man know what is in him till he overhauls his luggage and brings forth good things, new and old, from the secret lockers in which Nature and observation have stored them.

Try, as the spider did; and if you fail, try again and again, and ninety-nine chances to a hundred, you will succeed. Fortune is sometimes a coy damsel who requires a great deal of wooing; but steady and obstinate perseverance, as with the other members of her sex, will fetch her at last.

Therefore, what we say unto one, we say unto all: "Go in, and win!"

By means of speech, our thoughts are conveyed to each other. One may judge how much he is indebted to this fact for the knowledge that he possesses, and even for many of those views which he supposes to have cropped out from his own individual brain, by comparing the man of society with one who has been all his life isolated from his kind.

Unfortunate creatures of this description have occasionally been discovered; and they seemed to possess no more intelligence than the beast of the field, without the instinct which is given the latter for a guide.

A man standing in the midst of a spacious hall with one candle in his hand, though it burn well, would seem almost wholly enveloped in darkness; but when many persons enter, each one bearing a lighted candle, then every man in the room has the benefit of all the light, though his individual candle contributes but a small quota to the general illumination.

The evidence is, therefore, overwhelming, that man was intended by Nature as a creature of society, receiving and conferring benefits by association. It is, then, no more than fair that he should keep his own lamp trimmed and burning,—that while each individual enjoys the benefits conferred by the whole mass, he should also throw in his mite towards the general good.

But, this is not all; by means of social converse, many

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pleasures are obtained, and to some, who are inspired by the love of fame, distinction, celebrity, and world-wide renown, are the guerdon of industry and persevering application. By none are these so readily attained as by the successful ORATOR. While the good convensationalist is the charm of private society, and like the bachelor, "is welcome wherever he goes," it is the more brilliant destiny of the orator to move large assemblies, to stir the soul of immense multitudes, and to exercise a gigantic influence over the fortunes of his country and the momentous affairs that interest and excite the whole world.

In order to succeed as an orator, the noviciate should be thoroughly penetrated with the dignity of his calling. A buffoon or a Merry Andrew is one thing, an orator is another. The one amuses, the other instructs, elevates mankind, and improves the public taste.

Although it is necessary that the audience should believe in the sincerity of the orator, and that he truly believes all that he utters, still if his delivery is bad, neither sincerity nor good sentiments will atone for an awkward manner and an unpleasant voice.

In reading, one is interested only in the ideas conveyed by the writer, but in listening to a true orator, he is forcibly impressed and often electrified from sympathy with the effect which those ideas have upon the impassioned soul of the speaker. By look, gesture, and tone of voice, the feelings of an animated orator are poured into the breasts of his audience, when reason and argument alone would succeed in obtaining no more than a tame assent to the propositions of the speaker.

On the other hand, the orator must not be ambitious to shine as an *actor:* the two vocations are entirely different. Very seldom is a public speaker warranted in personating or mimicing those whom he would hold up to public scorn or reprobation. The wish to succeed in that line is an evidence of vulgar taste. It is pardonable only in the

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actor, who possesses all the talent, the means, and appliances to render his representations effective.

A palpable desire to *show off* and to force applause, is offensive to a discriminating audience, and that orator is most certain of winning the esteem of his listeners, and securing permanent renown, who so dazzles his audience by pouring light upon his theme that they cannot see the man himself.

ELOQUENCE AS AN ART.

LET no one imagine that it is necessary to spring forth from the hand of nature an orator ready made to order, like a toad-stool which comes to perfection between the evening twilight and the dawn.

Orators don't grow in that way. Topsey is the only person within our remembrance who "growed."

The greatest orators of antiquity were the last persons in the world who seemed fitted for their vocation by nature. The greatest orator of all, whose name was Demosthenes, had a weak voice, an impediment in his speech, and an ungainly habit of shrugging up his shoulders. He used suitable means for overcoming those defects, and then his eloquence carried everything before it

The voice may be trained to adapt itself to the sentiment uttered, whether it be indignation, scorn, contempt, grief, pity, admiration, curiosity, fear, hope, or indifference.

Gestures at once suitable and elegant, chaste and yet forcible, have also a powerful effect upon the audience, and give much added force to the eloquence of thought and language.

When the voice is weak, it should be strengthened by frequent practice, by exercising it in the open air, and upon all convenient occasions.

The taste, and a knowledge of proper gestures, may be improved not only by hearing lectures on elocution, but also

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No. 1. See Appendix.

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by witnessing the exhibition of eloquence by great orators. Finally, it will be necessary to practise speaking in order to become an orator.

It is necessary not only to practise a little, but to practise a great deal. In this way ease, grace, and fluency are acquired.

Although oratory is an art, it is not affectation; it is not a resort to tricks for the purpose of convincing the hearer against his better judgment; but, the mind of man is wavering; it is not easy to fasten his attention upon a dry and uninteresting subject, and even a good subject becomes wearisome if unaccompanied with adjuncts that draw the attention to what the speaker says. We see this principle carried out in the most ordinary concerns of life. When the town crier goes forth to advertise a lost child, he does not trust to the interest of his subject to draw attention to his words, but he first rings a bell that the public ear may be induced to listen to what is to follow. No one thinks of charging the town crier with fraud or trickery because he takes this mode of drawing the attention of such persons as are within the sound of his voice.

Thus it is with the graces of oratory; they are intended to rivet the attention of the audience upon the speaker, and to set forth his views and his arguments in the most clear and forcible manner.

The following extract from Fenelon, archbishop of Cambray, sufficiently illustrates my meaning. I could not have expressed the idea *much* better myself:

"I do not hesitate to declare, that I think Demosthenes superior to Cicero. I am persuaded no one can admire Cicero more than I do. He adorns whatever he attempts. He does honor to language. He disposes of words in a manner peculiar to himself. His style has great variety of character. Whenever he pleases, he is even concise and vehement; for instance, against Catiline, against Verres, against Anthony. But ornament is too visible in his writings. His art is wonderful, but it is perceived. When the

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orator is providing for the safety of the Republic, he forgets not himself, nor permits others to forget him. Demosthenes seems to escape from himself, and to see nothing but his country. He seeks not elegance of expression; unsought for, he possesses it. He is superior to admiration. He makes use of language as a modest man does of dress, only to cover him. He thunders, he lightens. He is a torrent which carries everything before it. We cannot criticise, because we are not ourselves. His subject enchains our attention, and makes us forget his language. We lose him from our sight: Philip alone occupies our minds. I am delighted with both these orators; but I confess that I am less affected by the infinite art and magnificent eloquence of Cicero, than by the rapid simplicity of Demosthenes."

The principles of this work, both as regards the voice and gesture, are drawn from nature, and are thus no work of invention. As in physic, men, by seeing that some things promote health and others destroy it, formed the art upon those observations; in like manner by perceiving that some things in discourse are said to advantage, and others not, they marked those things, in order to imitate the one and avoid the other; and such is believed to be the origin of all the principles embraced in the successive chapters of this work.

These principles, to be fully appropriated by the learner, must be dwelt upon till they become perfectly familiar—as familiar as the rules of English syntax to the English scholar. Where habits either of voice or of gesture are to be overcome, other habits must be substituted. Nothing short of habits of correct speaking and of correct action can meet all the demands of the speaker, as he stands up to deliver his sentiments before multitudes of assembled men. He has no time then to make the intonations of his voice or the movements of his body a study. To secure the formation of these habits, it is indispensable that the principles hereafter presented should be contemplated as strictly *practical*, and be carried from the exercises of the book into

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the daily practice of reading and speaking. The success of the ancient orators, as also of Fox, of Clay, and many of the distinguished actors of modern times—proves, as we have seen, the practicability of thus *learning the art of speaking*.

ON THE VOICE.

NOTHING but practice will improve the voice. Without continual exercise of the vocal powers, one can never become an orator.

A good articulation is a rare excellence even among those who are called good speakers; and such is its value, that it can even atone for many deficiencies. It is of great service to the *speaker*, as it enables him to make himself heard any where, without any great effort of the lungs, and also secures to him the attention of his hearers. A good articulation can scarcely fail to secure attention. And to the *hearers* also, it is a matter of much interest; since it enables them distinctly to hear what is said, and that with an agreeable satisfaction, instead of having to put forth a painful effort.

It is necessary not only to strengthen the voice by frequently speaking or reading pieces aloud, but also to acquire the habit of pronouncing every word in the sentence distinctly, and with proper emphasis.

ON STRESS.

EVERY sound capable of prolongation, uttered without excitement, and in a natural manner, commences full and somewhat abrupt, and gradually decreases in fullness, till it becomes a mere breathing. Though this movement of the voice may be varied almost at pleasure, yet it has suggested the designation of the *Radical movement* as applicable to the first part of the sound; while the last part—the gradual

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decrease and final termination of the sound—has been called the *Vanishing movement* of the voice. And these designations continue the same, on whatever part of the sound the principal force of the voice is laid. This force of voice, however, is called STRESS; and, when given at the opening of the sound, is called *Radical stress*, because given on the radical part of the vocal movement. The stress may be given so as to fall on the middle of the movement, when it is called the *Median stress;* or it may fall at the vanish, that is, at the close of the sound, in which case it is called the *Vanishing stress*. A command of the several functions here described, is of the utmost importance to the speaker, since they each have their peculiar significancy, and since, with a few exceptions, some one of them must enter into the pronunciation of every syllable forcibly uttered.

The *Vanishing movement* begins with a full voice, and gradually dies away till it becomes inaudible.

Let this exercise be continued till the learner has acquired perfect smoothness of voice, and the command of the equable movement which decreases gradually till it dies away in silence. When all the beauties of this vanishing movement are developed in execution, the ear is scarcely less delighted than in listening to the higher excellences of music. This function of the voice should then be carefully cultivated.

The *Median stress* commences low and swells to a loud tone in the middle, dying away at the close.

The *Vanishing stress* is the exact opposite of the vanishing movement or radical stress. Instead of beginning with a full sound, the speaker begins low, and gradually becomes louder till he reaches the end where he breaks suddenly off, like running up a slope till you get to the top, where you fall instantly down a precipice and are never heard of afterwards.

The *Vanishing stress* consists of a gradual increase in the fullness of the sound from the radical to the extreme of the vanish, which should exhibit a high degree of abruptness.

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MODULATION.

MODULATION is the giving to each tone of the voice its appropriate character and expression—so as to produce melody to the ear.

According to the subject the *time* of modulation should be regulated. *Narration* proceeds equally; the *pathetic* slowly; *instruction*, authoritatively; *determination*, with vigor; and *passion* with rapidity.

The voice is defined as capable of assuming three keys, the low, the high, and middle, or conversational key, and to acquire the power of ranging in these with varieties of degrees of loudness, softness, stress, continuity, and rapidity, the following characteristics of varied modulation will be found useful to the student:

EXAMPLES.

Adoration, Admiration, Solemnity, Sublimity, are governed by low, loud, slow tones.

Mournfulness, Despondency—by low, soft, tremulous tones.

Fear, without guilt—by low, soft, tremulous tones.

Fear, with guilt—very low, slow tones.

Deep emotion—low, quick, and broken tones.

Conversational voice—is light, and of moderate time.

Dignity—loud and slow tones.

Earnestness—loud, middle tone.

Revenge—loud, aspirated.

Courage—high, loud, and slow.

Imitative modulation is a great power in the hands of a skillful speaker or reader. It marks the reader's appreciation of the sense and beauty of a passage. In poetic reading and recitation, this branch of elocutionary art is especially desirable to attain.

Immensity, Sublimity—are expressed by a prolongation and swell of the voice.

Roll on, thou *deep* and *dark blue* ocean, *roll*,
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in *vain*.

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Motion and sound, in all their modifications, are, in descriptive reading, more or less imitated.

To glide, to drive, to swell, to flow, to skip, to whirl, to turn, to run, to rattle, etc., all partake of a peculiar modification of the voice, which expresses imitation.

The *sound* must seem an *echo* to the *sense*.

PAUSES.

Pauses are of consequence to a correct rendering of sense. They are of two kinds—first, emphatical pauses, and next, such as mark distinctions of sense. An emphatical pause is made after something has been said of peculiar meaning but the most frequent use of pauses is, to mark the divisions of sense, and to allow the speaker to draw breath.

The following dialogue, by Hannah More, between David and Goliath, will prove a useful exercise to the learner.

Goliath gives vent to his arrogance in a bombastic style. This should be borne in mind by the speaker. David, on the other hand, expresses himself with modesty, but in a tone of confident courage:

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

Goliath. Where is the mighty man of war, who dares
Accept the challenge of Philistia's chief?
What victor-king, what general drenched in blood,
Claims this high privilege? What are his rights?
What proud credentials does the boaster bring
To prove his claim? What cities laid in ashes,
What ruined provinces, what slaughtered realms,
What heads of heroes, or what hearts of kings,
In battle killed, or at his altars slain,
Has he to boast? Is his bright armory
Thick set with spears, and swords, and coats of mail,
Of vanquished nations, by his single arm
Subdued? Where is the mortal man so bold,
So much a wretch, so out of love with life,
To dare the weight of this uplifted spear?
Come, advance!
Philistia's gods to Israel's. Sound, my herald,
Sound for the battle straight!

David. Behold thy foe.

Gol. I see him not.

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Dav. Behold him here.
Gol. Say, where?
Direct my sight. I do not war with boys.
Dav. I stand prepared; thy single arm to mine.
Gol. Why, this is mockery, minion; it may chance
To cost thee dear. Sport not with things above thee:
But tell me who, of all this numerous host,
Expects his death from me? Which is the man
Whom Israel sends to meet my bold defiance?
Dav. The election of my sovereign falls on me.
Gol. On thee! on thee! by Dagon, 'tis too much!
Thou curled minion! thou a nation's champion!
'Twould move my mirth at any other time;
But trifling's out of tune. Begone, light boy!
And tempt me not too far.
Dav. I do defy thee,
Thou foul idolator! Hast thou not scorned
The armies of the living God I serve!
By me he will avenge upon thy head
Thy nation's sins and thine. Armed with his name,
Unshrinking, I dare meet the stoutest foe
That ever bathed his hostile spear in blood.
Gol. Indeed! 'tis wondrous well! Now, by my gods!
The stripling plays the orator! Vain boy!
Keep close to that same bloodless war of words,
And thou shalt still be safe. Tongue-valiant warrior!
Where is thy sylvan crook, with garlands hung,
Of idle field-flowers? Where thy wanton harp,
Thou dainty-fingered hero?
Now will I meet thee,
Thou insect warrior; since thou dar'st me thus,
Already I behold thy mangled limbs,
Dissevered each from each, ere long to feed
The fierce, blood-snuffing vulture. Mark me well,
Around my spear I'll twist thy shining locks,
And toss in air thy head all gashed with wounds.
Dav. Ha, say'st thou so? Come on, then; Mark us well.
Thou com'st to me with sword and spear, and shield;
In the dread name of Israel's God, I come;
The living Lord of Hosts, whom thou defi'st;
Yet though no shield I bring; no arms, except
These five smooth stones I gathered from the brook,
With such a simple sling as shepherds use;
Yet all exposed, defenceless as I am,
The God I serve shall give thee up a prey
To my victorious arm. This day, I mean
To make the uncircumcised tribes confess

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There is a God in Israel. I will give thee,
Spite of thy vaunted strength and giant bulk,
To glut the carrion-kites. Nor thee alone;
The mangled carcasses of your thick hosts
Shall spread the plains of Elah; till Philistia,
Through all her trembling tents and flying bands,
Shall own that Judah's God is God indeed!
I dare thee to the trial!
Gol. Follow me.
In this good spear I trust.
Dav. I trust in Heaven!
The God of battles stimulates my arm,
And fires my soul with ardor not its own.

In this dialogue, the first speech of Goliath is simple vaunt. Confident in his huge bulk and strength, he strides occasionally from side to side while speaking, elevating his arms and throwing his limbs about as if anxious to display his powerful sinews and muscular proportions. He speaks very loud, as if willing to terrify all Israel with his voice.

In his second speech, Goliath partly stoops, half shuts his eyes like a person endeavoring to discern some diminutive object, and, after looking intently a short time, suddenly straightens himself up to his full height, and says arrogantly: "I see him not."

In his third speech, Goliath maintains the same ground, till, in the conclusion, he seems, at last, to have perceived David, and, turning away contemptuously, adds: "I do not war with boys."

In the latter part of the dialogue, Goliath becomes really furious, and is in haste to transfix David with his spear; while David, on the other hand, becomes more calm, collected, and observant as the critical moment approaches, thus denoting his firm and unwavering trust in the God of Israel. David makes but few gestures, but always assumes a reverential attitude when he mentions the name of God—not puritanical by any means, but expressive of humble hope and smiling confidence.

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ON THE WAVES OF THE VOICE.

THE rising and the falling of the voice often take place in the pronunciation of one long syllable. These variations of the voice are called *waves*, and are either equal or unequal. The parts of which it consists are called constituents.

Whether equal or unequal, the waves may consist of two, three, or more constituents. The wave may commence with either an ascending or descending slide. If with an upward movement, it is called the *Direct wave;* if with a downward movement, the *Inverted wave.*

The equal wave of the semi-tone cannot be represented in any way to the eye. If on any long syllable, the learner will essay to express tender or sympathetic emotions, he will surely convey the direct or the inverted wave of the median tone. These tones exquisitely serve to enrich and *melodize* the voice.

To aid the learner in acquiring the command of the vocal movement called the Wave, the following illustrations are given, the substance of which is found in the *Grammar of Elocution:*

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man."

If long quantity and a plaintive tone be given to the words "poor" and "old," in the foregoing example, they will exhibit the *direct wave of the semitone;* and if the word "man" receive a plaintive expression and extended quantity, and the voice be made to rise on the second part of the wave, it will show the *inverted wave of the semitone.*

"Hail! holy light."

If the word "hail" is uttered with long quantity, with a preceptible downward ending, and without any emphatic stress, it will show the *direct equal wave of the second.*

The student will find it to his advantage to practice on the following lines:

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THE MURDERED TRAVELLER.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

When spring, to woods and wastes around,
Brought bloom and joy again,
The murdered traveller's bones were found,
Far down a narrow glen.

The fragrant birch, above him, hung
Her tassels in the sky;
And many a vernal blossom sprung,
And nodded, careless, by.

The red-bird warbled, as he wrought
His hanging nest o'erhead;
And, fearless, near the fatal spot,
Her young the partridge led.

But there was weeping far away,
And gentle eyes, for him,
With watching many an anxious day,
Grew sorrowful and dim.

They little knew, who loved him so,
The fearful death he met,
When shouting o'er the desert snow,
Unarmed, and hard beset

Nor how, when round the frosty pole,
The northern dawn was red,
The mountain-wolf and wild-cat stole,
To banquet on the dead;

Nor how, when strangers found his bones,
They dressed the hasty bier,
And marked his grave with nameless stones,
Unmoistened by a tear.

But long they looked, and feared and wept,
Within his distant home;
And dreamt and started as they slept,
For joy that he was come.

So long they looked—but never spied
His welcome step again,
Nor knew the fearful death he died,
Far down that narrow glen.

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No. 2.—See Appendix.

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ON FORCE OF VOICE.

By force of voice, we mean its strength or power, as the lion has more force of voice than the dog. The organ or the bugle has more force than the flute. Great force of voice is not always needed; but to the speaker it is *sometimes* of infinite importance, while it cannot interfere with any other vocal function

As an exercise to the voice in its louder or more impassioned tones, we recommend Collins' Ode on the Passions:

ODE ON THE PASSIONS.

When music, heavenly maid! was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell;
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possessed beyond the muse's painting.
By turns, they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined:
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round,
They snatched her instruments of sound;
And, as they oft had heard apart,
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, for madness ruled the hour,
Would prove his own expressive power.

First, Fear, his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid;
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rushed, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings owned his secret stings,
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures, wan Despair—
Low sullen sounds!—his grief beguiled:
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

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But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail.
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on Echo still through all her song:
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;
And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair.

And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose.
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down;
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of wo;
And, ever and anon, he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat:
And though, sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity at his side
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien, [his head.
While each strained ball of sight—seemed bursting from

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to naught were fixed;
Sad proof of thy distressful state!
Of differing themes the veering song was mixed:
And now it courted Love; now, raving, called on Hate.
With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired;
And, from her wild sequestered seat,
In notes, by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul,
And, dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels joined the sound;
Through glades and glooms, the mingled measure stole,
Or o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,
Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But, oh, how altered was its sprightlier tone!
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call, to Faun, and Dryad known.

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The oak-crowned Sisters, and the chaste-eyed Queen,
Satyrs and sylvan Boys were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear;
And Sport leaped up and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:
He with viny crown advancing.
First to the lively pipe his hand addressed—
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol;
Whose sweet, entrancing voice he loved the best.
They would have thought who heard the strain
They saw in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
Amidst the festal-sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing:
While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay, fantastic round,
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

O, Music, sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid,
Why, goddess, why, to us denied,
Layest thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As in that loved Athenian bower
You learned in all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endeared,
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?
Arise, as in the elder time,
Warm, energic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders, in that godlike age
Fill thy recording sister's page—
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age,
Even all at once together found,
Cecilia's mingled world of sound—
Oh, bid our vain endeavors cease,
Revive the just designs of Greece;
Return in all thy simple state;
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

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THE QUALITY OF THE VOICE.

THE voice is known as being sometimes rough, smooth, harsh, soft, full, slender, musical, shrill, nasal, etc. The quality of the voice is improved by the exercise and practice which are recommended in the preceding sections. We will examine the quality of the voice under the following heads: The *Orotund*, the *Tremor*, the *Aspiration*, the *Guttural*, the *Falsetto*, and the *Whisper*.

THE OROTUND.

This quality, although sometimes natural, is more frequently acquired. It is the most pleasing and musical sound. It enables the speaker to enunciate distinctly. It is the most powerful tone. It is more readily modulated—easier to expand or diminish. It is the quality most suitable for the stately, swelling sentences of Milton, of Dryden, or of Young. There is nothing in its practice calculated to injure the voice for any or all other expressions.

THE TREMOR,

As its title indicates, has the qualities which distinguish laughter or crying. It should be rarely used—but is easily acquired by attentively studying from nature.

THE ASPIRATION.

The pronunciation of the letter *h* instructs in the meaning of this division of our subject. It is mostly used in suppressed passion and whispering.

THE GUTTURAL.

This quality, as its name imports, is uttered from the throat. Seldom, only, should it be employed. But if judiciously used it is highly effective. It is most properly used to convey an expression of scorn, detestation, or contempt.

THE FALSETTO.

This is sometimes called a "head" voice in contradistinction to the guttural. It may be cultivated and attained

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by practice. It is useful to simulate the whinings of peevishness, or the scream of baffled rage or abject hopeless terror.

THE WHISPER.

The word illustrates itself. It is, if carefully used, eminently effective. Both Kean and Forrest have made it more *telling* than the loudest exclamations in many deep tragic passages.

For practice on these several qualities of voice, we subjoin the following extracts:

THE OROTUND VOICE.

Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor!—thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

Cor. You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumor shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders; till, at length,
Your ignorance (which finds not, till it feels),
Making not reservation of yourselves
(Still your own foes), deliver you, as most
Abated captives, to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.

The above speeches of Coriolanus should be delivered in the highest tone of voice, with every expression of fury, and perfect recklessness of the consequences to himself. The head should be erect, the gestures few but vehement, and the eyes directed at the audience, darting fire.

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THE TREMOR.

Oth. That is a fault:
That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give:
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people; she told her, while she kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father
Entirely to her love; but if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathly, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies: She, dying, gave it me:
And bade me, when my fate would have me wive,
To give it her. I did so: and take heed of 't,
Make it a darling like your precious eye;
To lose or give 't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.
Des. Is it possible?
Oth. 'Tis true; there's magic in the web of it;
A sibyl, that had numbered in the world
The sun to make two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work;
The worms were hallowed, that did breed the silk;
And it was dyed in mummy, which the skillful
Conserved of maiden's hearts.
Des. Indeed! is 't true?
Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to 't well.
Des. Then would to heaven, that I had never seen it.

In the above extract, Othello endeavors to inspire the suspected Desdemona with superstitious dread. Speaking in a suppressed, yet earnest voice, he combines the *tremor* with the *aspiration*, as if fearful that the supernatural powers would overhear him and inflict sudden vengeance on them both for losing the enchanted handkerchief.

THE ASPIRATION.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waist and middle of the night,
Been thus encountered. A figure like your father,
Armed at point, exactly, cap-a-pie,
Appears before them, and, with a solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walked,
By their oppressed and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distilled

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Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them, the third night kept the watch:
Where, as they had delivered, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.

In thus speaking of the apparition, Horatio looks cautiously around him as if in momentary expectation of seeing the ghost of Hamlet start out from the gloom and confront them again.

THE GUTTURAL.

Oth. Had it pleased Heaven
To try me with affliction; had he rain'd
All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head;
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;
I should have found in some part of my soul
A drop of patience: but (alas!) to make me
A fixed figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at—
O! O!
Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart;
Where either I must live or bear no life;
The fountain, from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads
To knot and gender in!—turn thy complexion there
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubim;
Ay, there, look grim as hell!

In the latter part and conclusion of this speech, the voice sinks into the throat, and affords a fair specimen of the guttural.

THE FALSETTO.

Bra. O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her:
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magic were not bound,
Whether a maid—so tender, fair, and happy;
So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd

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The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou: to fear, not to delight,
Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense,
That thou hast practised on her with foul charms:
Abused her delicate youth with drugs or minerals,
That weaken'd motion:—I'll have it disputed on;
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant:—
Lay hold upon him, if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.

In the above, the voice of the wrathful old man, Brabantio, breaks into a shrill tone between a shriek and a squeak, and affords an example of the *Falsetto*.

We conclude this chapter with another example of the *Falsetto* from King Lear:

Lear. It may be so, my lord—Hear, nature, hear:
Dear goddess, hear! Suspend thy purpose, if
Thou didst intend to make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility!
Dry up in her the organs of increase:
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honor her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatured torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth:
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!—Away, away!

GESTURES.

It is natural in speaking to make some motion with the hands and arms, and that the countenance should express our feelings. Some nations who are less cold and phlegmatic than ourselves, make a great deal of motion. They are, in every way, more demonstrative. Therefore, oratory

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flourishes better among the French and other continental nations than it does with the English and Americans. We must endeavor to correct this fault, if we would excel in elocution; we must exhibit more life.

A curious example of the necessity of gestures took place in New York, at a genteel boarding house.

The host was a man of very calm exterior on all occasions. One day the house caught fire. The host saw the flames bursting out the rear windows. He entered the sitting room where the boarders were congregated, and, slowly rubbing one hand over the other, as was his usual custom when speaking, he made the remark that the house was on fire.

"Here's a chair, Mr. H——; take a seat," said one of the gentlemen, politely making room for him.

"The house is on fire," repeated Mr. H—— without moving a muscle of his countenance, or stirring a limb, except to rub his hands slowly together.

"Yes, rather cool to-day—come to the fire," said one of the boarders, supposing that the host was making some remark about the weather.

"The house is on fire," answered Mr. H——, in the same tone.

This was repeated five or six times before the boarders got at his meaning, because it was incredible, that a man would stand like a post in the middle of the floor, and speak in his usual tone of voice, without the least change of countenance, while his house was burning over his head.

Mr. H—— spoke plain English; but, as neither his voice, looks, nor gestures were suitable to his words, it took a considerable time to get at his meaning.

The *primary*, or involuntary stage of Gesture corresponds with the tones of the voice. It links itself by expressive symbols with the passions of the mind; such as the movement of the facial muscles, the changing of color, and gesticulations extending over the entire frame. Its *secondary*, or involuntary stage, induces various movements controlla-

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ble by the will. Such movements are influenced by example, and may become awkward, or otherwise, according to the model selected. We are creatures of imitation; hence the necessity of choosing graceful models. Pleasing gestures are as essential to the orator, as dexterity to the fencer; the latter appeals but to the eye, the former adds force to words which should carry conviction to the mind. Oratory, even the most finished, without appropriate gesture, loses half its charm. We are to develop our natural powers by careful cultivation. To this end the learner should study carefully, and put into practice, the instructions following for the management of the feet and legs, the head and body, the eyes and countenance, the hand and arm, all of which play an important part in the gestures of an orator.

THE FEET AND LOWER LIMBS.

Grace and dignity depend much on the position of the feet and lower limbs. Ease and elegance are combined by the weight of the body being supported on one leg, the other being left to preserve the balance, and move freely. This is the position observable in the best executed statues of antiquity. The foot supporting the body is firmly planted, the body is so erect that a perpendicular passing through the centre of the neck cuts the heel. There are four suitable positions. The conditions of all are:

Firstly. The feet are to be three or four inches apart.

Secondly. The toes of each foot should be slightly turned out.

Thirdly. The feet should be so placed that lines passing lengthwise through them, shall cross under the heel of the foot least advanced.

FIRST POSITION OF THE RIGHT FOOT.

The right foot is firmly planted, supporting the weight of the body. The left, nearly at right angles with it, rests on the ball of the great toe.

SECOND POSITION OF THE RIGHT FOOT.

The right is advanced, the weight of the body being on the left.

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No. 3.—See Appendix.

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FIRST POSITION OF THE LEFT FOOT.

Similar to first position of right foot.

SECOND POSITION OF THE LEFT FOOT.

Corresponds to second position of right foot.

These are the most natural positions which an orator, who aims at effect, can assume. The learner will do well to perfect himself in them, so that without effort, or affectation, he will seem to fall into them as easily as he gives utterance to his words.

ERRORS TO BE AVOIDED.

Do not support the weight of the body on both feet equally. When so supported it is not easy to change the position.

Do not throw the weight of the body on the ball of the foot. It should rest on the heel.

Do not place the feet too close. By so doing the position is rendered less firm.

Do not separate the feet too much. If so separated an awkward, swaggering position results.

Do not point the toes forward in a straight line.

Do not bend the leg supporting the body, or do not keep the free one straight and stiff.

The changes of position admissible are

ADVANCING AND RETIRING.

First. The speaker must advance or retire by a step of moderate length.

Secondly. The change must commence with the free foot.

Thirdly. The outward direction of the toes must be preserved during the changes.

Fourthly. The following order in changing is to be observed:

The advance from first position of either foot is made by passing into first position of opposite foot; the advance from second position is made by passing into first position of same foot.

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Retiring from first position of either foot is only passing into second position of same foot; retiring from second position is passing into second position of opposite foot.

ERRORS OF POSITION.

Moving to the right or left in a *straight* line.

Making the step too long or too short.

Attempting to change position by moving the foot supporting the body.

Advancing with the toes pointing straight forward.

THE HEAD AND BODY.

Though the orator resorts not to the tricks of the stage for the management of the head and body, yet there are actions suitable to both, which he will be wise to study. The head should be erect, but not stiff. The body should be upright, with the face and breast turned towards the audience; the shoulders not shrugged up. There should be a corresponding movement between the body and the motions of the arm.

ERRORS TO BE AVOIDED.

Do not keep the body in a stiff position. It should be held in an easy attitude, ready at a moment's notice to follow the motion of the arm.

Do not hold up or draw back the head too much. Such positions indicate pride or carelessness.

Do not incline the head towards the shoulder.

Do not move the head unless in unison with the arm.

Do not turn your side towards the audience.

Do not bend the body forward too much.

Do not swagger, or incline from side to side.

Do not shrug the shoulders.

This last is a fault that cannot be too much condemned.

OF THE COUNTENANCE.

The index on the dial plate shows not more plainly the hour, than does the eye the thought passing in the mind. This may be affirmed of the countenance in general, as of

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the eye in particular. One well versed in the expression of the face says, "When any passion is called into action, such passion is depicted by the motion of the muscles, and these motions are accompanied by a strong palpitation of the heart. If the countenance be tranquil, it always denotes tranquillity in the region of the breast and of the heart." Again, "Hence, it appears that the orator who would move others must appear to be moved himself; that is, he must express his emotions in his countenance and by his manner; otherwise his language will be contradicted by his looks, and his audience will be more inclined to believe them, which are the natural and sure indications of the inward mind, than his words which may easily be feigned and may differ much from his real sentiments."

None will deny that the eye speaks more truly than the tongue; that the forehead denotes calmness, or trouble; the lowering brow, indignation; the tell-tale cheek, shame or fear; and the expressive lip, scorn.

It has been well observed that, "The parts of the human face the most movable and the most expressive, are the inner extremities of the eye-brow, and the angle of the mouth, and these are precisely the parts of the face which in brutes have the least expression; for the brutes have no eye-brows, and no power of elevating or depressing the angle of the mouth. It is in these features therefore that we should expect to find the muscles of expression peculiar to man." Having thus shown all that the eyes and countenance are capable of, it remains but to guard against the following faults:—Staring, or fixing the eyes upon vacancy; or upon an individual; or foolishly turning them down. Weeping, unless upon occasions worthy of tears. If the speaker really feels the loss of some dear friend, or mourns some public calamity, 'twill be next to impossible to refrain from tears. He will melt into tears, and cause his audience, out of pure sympathy, to mingle theirs with his. They will "weep with those that weep." Well the ancient orators understood the use of tears. The world-renowned

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John Bright, when addressing an immense audience upon the merits of his deceased friend and fellow-laborer, Richard Cobden, gave vent to his pent-up feelings in a shower of tears. Not one in the immense crowd but was moved with this tribute of affection from the brave and fearless champion of liberty throughout the world.

Enough has been said of the tears of sympathy. It remains but to warn the young aspirant against those of hypocrisy.

Frowning, staring, smiling unmeaningly, pushing out, or biting the lips, are faults the orator must avoid.

THE HAND AND FINGERS

Play a very important part in Gesture. Indeed many wants and thoughts can be expressed more forcibly by their aid than by words. We denote grief by placing the hand over the eyes. Truth, or emotion is expressed by placing the hand on the breast. Reflection by placing the finger on the chin. Silence is expressed by putting the fore-finger on the lips. Such gestures are to be used sparingly, and appropriately; always bearing in mind that the action is to be suited to the word. Bear also in mind that every motion of the arm is to be made gracefully, without effort, or jerking about. The following faults need but to be noticed to be avoided:

Cleaving the air with the hand, or forming it into a scoop; nervous twitchings of the fingers, or crossing them; clasping the hands, or placing the palm of one on that of the other. These, with similar childish gestures, cannot be too strongly condemned.

ACTION OF THE ARM.

The appropriate action of the arm is one of the most important aids to oratory. The following hints will be found most useful:—In all actions of the arm the speaker is to aim at freedom; that is, an entire absence of stiffness, or angularity. Every movement should seem to come from the shoulder; the elbow should not originate such movement.

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EXAMPLES.

PRINCE HENRY'S ADDRESS TO THE CROWN.

SHAKESPEARE.

This piece affords a fine example of mingled dignity and pathos.

No; I will sit and watch here by the king.
Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?
O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night!—sleep with it now!
Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,
As he, whose brow, with homely biggin bound,
Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armor, worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather, which stirs not:
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move.—My gracious lord! my father!
This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,
That from this golden rigol hath divorced
So many English kings. Thy due, from me,
Is tears, and heavy sorrows of the blood;
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously:
My due, from thee, is this imperial crown;
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits—

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Which Heaven shall guard: And put the world's
whole strength
Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honor from me: This from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me.

THE FALLS OF LODORE.

SOUTHEY.

A matchless exercise for gaining, by practice, a perfect control of the voice, so as to enunciate rapidly and distinctly. It is full of varied expression, which the sense will indicate:

How does the water come down at Lodore?
Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Here smoking and frothing,
Its tumult and wrath in,
It hastens along, conflicting and strong;
Now striking and raging,
As if a war waging,
Its caverns and rocks among.
Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and flinging,
Showering and springing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking;
Turning and twisting;
Around and around,
Collecting, disjecting,
With endless rebound.
Smiting and fighting,
In turmoil delighting,
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.
Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And hitting and spitting
And shining and twining,

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And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And running and stunning,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And dinning and spinning,
And foaming and roaming,
And hopping and dropping,
And working and jerking,
And gurggling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And thundering and floundering,
And falling and brawling, and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and crinkling and twinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling;
Dividing and gliding and sliding,
Grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
Clattering and battering and shattering,
And gleaming and streaming and skimming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling;
Retreating and meeting and beating and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and spraying and playing,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling;
And thumping and bumping and flumping and jumping,
And thrashing and clashing and flashing and splashing;
And so never ending,
But always descending,
Sounds and motions forever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er,
With a mighty uproar;—
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

HOTSPUR'S DEFENCE.

Nothing in our language is finer for fiery declamation and bitter irony than the gallant Percy's Defence of his

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conduct, before his sovereign. It is simply magnificent, and has been a favorite with the greatest actors that ever graced the boards:

My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom: and his chin new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home:
He was perfumed like a milliner:
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took 't away again;——
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff;—and still he smil'd and talk'd:
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He called them—untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holyday and lady terms
He question'd me; among the rest demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what;
He should, or he should not;—for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds (God save the mark!),
And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villainous saltpetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed
So cowardly; and but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald, disjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said:
And I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

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DAVID'S LAMENT OVER ABSALOM.

N. P. WILLIS.

This admirable composition gives ample scope for gentle, mournful, tear-stricken recitation. The thoughts prompt the speaker to natural expression:

The king stood still
Till the last echo died: then throwing off
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
The pall from the still features of his child,
He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of woe:—

"Alas! my noble boy! that thou should'st die,
Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair.
How could he mark *thee* for the silent tomb,
My proud boy, Absalom!

"Cold is thy brow, my son! and I am chill,
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee;
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee,
And hear thy sweet '*my father*' from these dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

"The grave hath won thee. I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young;
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung;
But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shall come
To meet me, Absalom!

"And, oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom!

"And now, farewell! 'Tis hard to give thee up,
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee:—
And thy dark sin!—Oh! I could drink the cup,
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home,
My erring Absalom!"

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He covered up his face, and bowed himself
A moment on his child: then, giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasped
His hands convulsively, as if in prayer;
And, as a strength were given him of God,
He rose up calmly, and composed the pall
Firmly and decently, and left him there,
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

THE BOY ARCHER.

SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

The fire and energy of Tell contrasts nobly with the youthful ambition of his son's young and noble heart. It is a charming exercise, and exceedingly effective when well delivered:

SCENE.—*Exterior of* TELL'S *cottage. Enter* ALBERT (TELL'S *son*) *with bow and arrows, and* VERNER.

Verner. Ah! Albert! What have you there?
Albert. My bow and arrows, Verner.
Ver. When will you use them like your father, boy?
Alb. Some time, I hope.
Ver. You brag! There's not an archer
In all Helvetia can compare with him.
Alb. But I'm his son; and when I am a man
I may be like him. Verner, do I brag,
To think I some time may be like my father?
If so, then is it he that teaches me;
For, ever as I wonder at his skill,
He calls me boy, and says I must do more
Ere I become a man.
Ver. May you be such
A man as he—if heaven wills, better—I'll
Not quarrel with its work; yet 'twill content me
If you are only such a man.
Alb. I'll show you
How I can shoot. (*goes out to fix the mark.*)
Ver. Nestling as he is, he is the making of a bird
Will own no cowering wing.

Re-enter ALBERT.

Alb. Now, Verner, look! (*shoots*) There's within
An inch!

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No. 4.—See Appendix.

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VER. Oh, fy! it wants a hand. [*Exit* VERNER.
Alb. A hand's
An inch for me. I'll hit it yet. Now for it.

While ALBERT *continues to shoot,* TELL *enters and watches him some time, in silence.*

Tell. That's scarce a miss that comes so near the mark!
Well aimed, young archer! With what ease he bends
The bow. To see those sinews, who'd believe
Such strength did lodge in them? That little arm,
His mother's palm can span, may help, anon,
To pull a sinewy tyrant from his seat,
And from their chains a prostrate people lift
To liberty. I'd be content to die,
Living to see that day! What, Albert!
Alb. Ah!
My father!
Tell. You raise the bow
Too fast. (ALBERT *continues shooting.*)
Bring it slowly to the eye.—You've missed.
How often have you hit the mark to-day?
Alb. Not once, yet.
Tell. You're not steady. I perceive
You wavered now. Stand firm. Let every limb
Be braced as marble, and as motionless.
Stand like the sculptor's statue, on the gate
Of Altorf, that looks life, yet neither breathes
Nor stirs. (ALBERT *shoots*) That's better!
See well the mark. Rivet your eye to it
There let it stick, fast as the arrow would,
Could you but send it there. (ALBERT *shoots*)
You've missed again! How would you fare,
Suppose a wolf should cross your path, and you
Alone, with but your bow, and only time
To fix a single arrow? 'Twould not do
To miss the wolf! You said, the other day,
Were you a man you'd not let Gesler live—
'Twas easy to say that. Suppose you, now,
Your life or his depended on that shot!—
Take care! That's Gesler!—Now for liberty!
Right to the tyrant's heart! (*hits the mark*) Well done, my boy!
Come here. How early were you up?
Alb. Before the sun.
Tell. Ay, strive with him. He never lies abed
When it is time to rise. Be like the sun.
Alb. What you would have me like, I'll be like,
As far as will to labor joined can make me.

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Tell. Well said, my boy! Knelt you when you got up
To-day?
Alb. I did; and do so every day.
Tell. I know you do! And think you, when you kneel,
To whom you kneel?
Alb. To Him who made me, father.
Tell. And in whose name?
Alb. The name of Him who died
For me and all men, that all men and I
Should live
Tell. That's right. Remember that, my son:
Forget all things but that—remember that!
'Tis more than friends or fortune; clothing, food;
All things on earth; yea, life itself!—It is
To live, when these are gone, when they are naught—
With God! My son remember that!
Alb. I will.
Tell. I'm glad you value what you're taught.
That is the lesson of content, my son;
He who finds which has all—who misses, nothing.
Alb. Content is a good thing.
Tell. A thing, the good
Alone can profit by. But go, Albert,
Reach thy cap and wallet, and thy mountain staff.
Don't keep me waiting. [*Exit* ALBERT

TELL *paces the stage in thought. Re-enter* ALBERT.

Alb. I am ready, father.
Tell (*taking* ALBERT *by the hand*). Now mark me. Albert!
Dost thou fear the snow,
The ice-field, or the hail flaw? Carest thou for
The mountain mist that settles on the peak,
When thou art upon it? Dost thou tremble at
The torrent roaring from the deep ravine,
Along whose shaking ledge thy track doth lie?
Or faintest thou at the thunder-clap, when on
The hill thou art o'ertaken by the cloud,
And it doth burst around thee? Thou must travel
All night.
Alb. I'm ready; say all night again.
Tell. The mountains are to cross, for thou must reach
Mount Faigel by the dawn.
Alb. Not sooner shall
The dawn be there than I.
Tell. Heaven speeding thee.
Alb. Heaven speeding me.
Tell. Show me thy staff. Art sure

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Of the point? I think 'tis loose. No—stay! 'Twill do.
Caution is speed when danger's to be passed.
Examine well the crevice. Do not trust the snow!
'Tis well there is a moon to-night.
You're sure of the track?
Alb. Quite sure.
Tell. The buskin of
That leg's untied; stoop down and fasten it.
You know the point where you must round the cliff?
Alb. I do.
Tell. Thy belt is slack—draw it tight.
Erni is in Mount Faigel: take this dagger
And give it him; you know its caverns well.
In one of them you will find him. Farewell.

HAMLET'S ADVICE TO THE PLAYERS.

SHAKESPEARE.

This lecture can never be too often read, or too deeply pondered over, by all who aim at distinction either in the pulpit, the forum or on the stage. In a nutshell it contains nearly all the golden rules of oratory:

Enter HAMLET, *and certain players.*

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows, and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it.

First Play. I warrant your honor.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'er-step not the modesty of nature: for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her

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own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now this, overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

First Play. I hope, we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those, that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered; that's villainous; and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready. [*Exeunt players.*

THE CHAMOIS HUNTER.

CHARLES SWAIN.

This piece gives an opportunity for using a full, fine, round bugle-like tone, and should be delivered with a swelling chest, a glowing cheek, and a sparkling eye. Meanwhile the action should be free and dashing:

Away to the Alps!
For the hunters are there,
To rouse the chamois
In his rock-vaulted lair.
From valley to mountain
See!—swiftly they go—
As the ball from the rifle—
The shaft from the bow.
Nor chasms, nor glaciers,
Their firmness dismay;
Undaunted, they leap
Like young leopards at play;
And the dash of the torrent
Sounds welcome and dear,
As the voice of a friend
To the wanderer's ear.

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They reck not the music
  Of hound or of horn,
The neigh of the courser,
  The gladness of morn.
The blasts of the tempest
  Their dark sinews brace;
And the wilder the danger,
  The sweeter the chase.
With spirits as strong
  As their footsteps are light,
On—onward they speed,
  In the joy of their might:
Till eve gathers round them,
  And silent and deep—
The bleak snow their pillow—
  The wild hunters sleep.

FALSTAFF'S BOASTING.

SHAKESPEARE.

This scene will give a good chance to practise *variety* of expression, both in words and action. Falstaff throws himself into all the attitudes, and elevates and depresses his voice, as if he was actually engaged in the combat he describes—preserving the utmost gravity of face, until he finds that the Prince has really detected him. Then the "fat rogue" bursts into a jolly, unctuous laugh, and carries off the honors, after all:

P. Hen. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Hen. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Hen. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four, through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

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P. Hen. Speak, sirs: how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen,——

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us.

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

P. Hen. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what ye call, all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish; if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then I am no two-legged creature.

Poins. Pray God, you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: for I have peppered two of them: two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward;—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,——

P. Hen. What, four? thou said'st but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven? why, there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. The nine in buckram that I told thee of,——

P. Hen. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,——

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground: But I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Hen. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal green, came at my back, and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts; thou knotty-pated fool; thou whoreson, obscene, greasy, tallow-keech,—

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Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

P. Hen. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us thy reason; what sayest thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh;——

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's-tongue, bull's-pizzle, you stock-fish,—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheathe, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck;——

P. Hen. Well, breathe a while and then to it again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. We two saw you four set on four: you bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now how plain a tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four: and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house:—and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword, as thou hast done; and then say, it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack: What trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: Was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest, I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold. All the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

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ON TO FREEDOM.

DUGANNE.

This poem should be delivered with bold energy, with flashing eye, swelling breast, and free action—as though the speaker's heart was full of the nobility of the theme:

"There has been the cry—'On to Richmond!' And still another cry—'On to England!' Better than either is the cry—'On to Freedom!'"
CHARLES SUMNER.

On to Freedom! On to Freedom!
'Tis the everlasting cry
Of the floods that strive with ocean—
Of the storms that smite the sky;
Of the atoms in the whirlwind,
Of the seed beneath the ground—
Of each living thing in Nature
That is bound!
'Twas the cry that led from Egypt,
Through the desert wilds of Edom:
Out of darkness—out of bondage—
On to Freedom! On to Freedom!

O! thou stony-hearted Pharaoh!
Vainly warrest thou with God!
Moveless, at thy palace portals,
Moses waits, with lifted rod!
O! thou poor barbarian, Xerxes!
Vainly o'er the Pontic main
Flingest thou, to curb its utterance,
Scourge or chain!
For the cry that led from Egypt,
Over desert wilds of Edom,
Speaks alike through Greek and Hebrew:
On to Freedom! On to Freedom!

In the Roman streets, with Gracchus,
Hark! I hear that cry outswell;
In the German woods, with Hermann,
And on Switzer hills, with Tell!
Up from Spartacus, the Bondman,
When his tyrants' yoke he clave,
And from Stalwart Wat the Tyler—
Saxon slave!
Still the old, old cry of Egypt,
Struggling up from wilds of Edom—
Sounding still through all the ages:
On to Freedom! On to Freedom!

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On to Freedom! On to Freedom!
Gospel cry of laboring Time:
Uttering still, through seers and sages,
Words of hope and faith sublime!
From our Sidneys, and our Hampdens,
And our Washingtons they come:
And we cannot—and we dare not
Make them dumb!
Out of all the shames of Egypt—
Out of all the snares of Edom;
Out of darkness—out of bondage—
On to Freedom! On to Freedom!

SATAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

MILTON.

This famous speech affords opportunity for the grandest declamation. It is studded with points—anger, hate, scorn, admiration and defiance. The student should read, and re-read, and ponder over every line, until he catches the exact meaning intended to be conveyed—then, following the examples already given, he should declaim it repeatedly:

O thou, that, with surpassing glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O Sun! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state,
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down
Warring in Heaven against Heaven's matchless king:
Ah, wherefore! he deserved no such return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,
How due! yet all his good proved ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high
I 'sdain'd subjection, and thought one step higher
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude

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So burdensome still paying, still to owe:
Forgetful what from him I still received,
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged; what burden then?
O, had his powerful destiny ordain'd
Me some inferior angel, I had stood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had raised
Ambition! Yet why not? some other Power
As great might have aspired, and me, though mean,
Drawn to his part; but other Powers as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand?
Thou hadst: whom hast thou then or what to accuse
But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accursed, since love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
Nay, cursed be thou; since against his thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep
Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.
O then at last relent: Is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but by submission; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduced
With other promises and other vaunts
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
The Omnipotent. Ah me! they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of hell.
With diadem and sceptre high advanced,
The lower still I fall, only supreme
In misery! Such joy ambition finds.
But say I could repent, and could obtain
By act of grace, my former state; how soon
Would height recall high thoughts, how soon unsay
What faint submission swore? Ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
For never can true reconcilement grow,
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep:

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No. 5.—See Appendix.

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Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
And heavier fall; so should I purchase dear
Short intermission bought with double smart.
This knows my Punisher; therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging, peace;
All hope excluded thus, behold, instead
Of us outcast, exiled, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this world,
So farewell, hope; and with hope, farewell, fear;
Farewell remorse! all good to me is lost;
Evil, be thou my good; by thee at least
Divided empire with Heaven's King I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
As man, ere long, and this new world shall know.

THE MILLS OF GOD.

DUGANNE.

Apart from the noble sentiments of these verses, and their exquisite diction—in which every word is the best that could possibly be used—as in a piece of faultless mosaic every minute stone is so placed as to impart strength, brilliancy, and harmony—they afford an excellent example of lofty, dignified recitation:

These mills of God! those tireless mills!
I hear their ceaseless throbs and thrills:
I see their dreadful stones go round,
And all the realms beneath them ground;
And lives of men and souls of states,
Flung out, like chaff, beyond their gates.

And we, O God! with impious will,
Have made these Negroes turn Thy mill!
Their human limbs with chains we bound,
And bade them whirl Thy mill-stones round;
With branded brow and fettered wrist,
We bade them grind this Nation's grist!

And so, like Samson—blind and bound—
Our Nation's grist this Negro ground;
And all the strength of Freedom's toil,
And all the fruits of Freedom's soil,
And all her hopes and all her trust,
From Slavery's gates were flung, like dust.

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With servile souls this mill we fed,
That ground the grain for Slavery's bread:
With cringing men, and grovelling deeds,
We dwarfed our land to Slavery's needs;
Till all the scornful nations hissed,
To see us ground with Slavery's grist.

The mill grinds on! From Slavery's plain,
We reap great crops of blood-red grain;
And still the Negro's strength we urge,
With Slavery's gyve and Slavery's scourge;
And still we crave—on Freedom's sod—
That Slaves shall turn the mills of God!

The Mill grinds on! God lets it grind!
We sow the seed—the sheaves we bind:
The mill-stones whirl as we ordain;
Our children's bread shall test the grain!
While Samson still in chains we bind,
The mill grinds on! God lets it grind!

THE GHOST SCENE IN HAMLET.

SHAKESPEARE.

In the following scene—from which is omitted some of the dialogue—the young orator will find excellent opportunities for practising himself in attitude, gesture and expression. Hamlet's whole appearance should denote a solemn awe, his voice should be tremulous—particularly when he addresses the visitant from the other world as *father;* then his whole frame should tremble with emotion, and his voice break, as if overcome by the flood of painful recollections. The "Ghost's" part should be delivered in a low, impressive, guttural tone, suggestive of the hollow echoes of the tomb:

Enter GHOST.

Hamlet. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!—
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd.
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou comest in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee; I'll call thee, Hamlet,
King, father; Royal Dane, O, answer me:

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Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell,
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements! why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath ope'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again! What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,
So horridly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?
Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night:
And, for the day, confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand an-end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood:—List, list, O list!—
If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—
Ham. O heaven!
Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.
Ham. Murder?
Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.
Ham. Haste me to know it; that I, with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.
Ghost. I find thee apt;
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out, that, sleeping in mine orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abused: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent, that did sting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.
Ham. O, my prophetic soul! my uncle!
Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterous beast

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With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,
(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen;
O, Hamlet, what a falling off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be moved,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven;
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.
But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be:—Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ear did pour
The leprous distilment: whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And, with a sudden vigor, it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine:
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd:
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unaneal'd;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account,
With all my imperfections on my head:
O horrible! O horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to Heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,

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And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire!
Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me. [*Exit.*
Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?
And shall I couple hell?—O fy!—Hold, hold, my heart;
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up!—Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by Heaven,
O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables,—meet it is, I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain!
At least, I am sure, it may be so in Denmark: (*writing*)
So, uncle, there you are. Now, to my word;
It is, *Adieu, adieu! remember me.*
I have sworn't.

OUR HEROES SHALL LIVE.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

This brief extract from a splendid oration should be spoken in clear, defined tones, rather high pitch, the utterance slow, with a rather long pause after each question:

Oh, tell me not that they are dead—that generous host, that airy army of invisible heroes. They hover as a cloud of witnesses above this nation. Are they dead that yet speak louder than we can speak, and a more universal language? Are they dead that yet act? Are they dead that yet move upon society, and inspire the people with nobler motives, and more heroic patriotism?

Ye that mourn, let gladness mingle with your tears. It *was* your son, but now he is the nation's. He made your household bright: now his example inspires a thousand households. Dear to his brothers and sisters, he is now brother to every generous youth in the land. Before, he was narrowed, appropriated, shut up to you. Now he is augmented, set free, and given to all. Before, he was yours: he *is* ours. He has died from the family, that he might live to the nation. Not one name shall be forgotten or neglected: and it shall by and by be confessed of our modern heroes, as it is of an ancient hero, that he did more for his country by his death than by his whole life.

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KATHERINE'S DEFENCE.

SHAKESPEARE.

In the beginning of this speech Queen Katherine speaks in a low, subdued tone, in a kneeling posture. When she speaks of her conduct as a wife and mother her eyes suffuse with tears--her voice grows tremulous with agitation; but as she replies to the cutting insinuation of her enemies, her form grows erect and dilates with all the power of conscious rectitude, and her lip curls with haughty disdain. Meanwhile her tones become sharp and biting:

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you do me right, and justice;
And to bestow your pity on me: for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you; what cause
Hath my behavior given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or sorry,
As I saw it inclined. When was the hour,
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine,
That had to him derived your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharged? Sir, call to mind,
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you: If, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honor aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir
The king, your father, was reputed for

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A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many
A year before: It is not to be question'd,
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful: Wherefore I humbly
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advised; whose counsel
I will implore: if not, i' th' name of God
Your pleasure be fulfilled! * * * *
My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You are meek and humble-mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility: but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune, and his highness' favors,
Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are mounted,
Where powers are your retainers: and your words,
Domestics to you, serve your will, as't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honor, than
Your high profession spiritual: That again
I do refuse you for my judge.

MAKE WAY FOR LIBERTY.*

DUGANNE.

This animated poem should commence with a low, devout tone, gradually swelling into almost trumpet-like notes, as the stern conflict is described in heroic strains:

Under the oaks of Sempach
The Switzers knelt in prayer,
And sware upon their sword-hilts
The oath their fathers sware.
Under the oaks of Sempach
Their fathers' swords they bared,
And dared the powers of Slavery
Their valiant fathers dared.

---

* "Arnold Struthan de Winkelried, a knight of Underwalden, burst suddenly from the ranks. 'I will open a passage for Liberty,' he cried. He threw himself on the enemy's pikes, grasped as many of them as he could reach, and bore them to the ground, as he fell. His comrades rushed over his body."—*Planta, Hist. of the Helvetic Cantons.*

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Duke Leopold's knights in armor,
Duke Leopold's spearmen tall,
With shields o'erlapped, and lance-points,
Stood up, like castle wall;
And when the Swissmen smote them,
Their angry armor rang,
Like anvils under hammers—
With hoarse and sullen clang!

And when the Switzers charged them,
So well they bore the shock,
The mountain-men fell backward,
Like billows from a rock—
Fell back, with dead and dying,
Fell back, with doubts and fears,
That none might pass the shield-wall,
Or break the hedge of spears!

Behold! the fateful moment—
The hour of Freedom's stress!
Then stood forth Arnold Winkelried,
From all the dubious press.
He looked upon the Switzers,
And saw their fear and doubt—
"I'll make a path for Liberty!"
Bold Winkelried cried out.

He turned upon the Austrians,
And flung his arms apart:
He clasped a score of lance-points,
And joined them at his heart.
As bride embraces bridegroom,
He hugged the lovely death:
"I make a path for Liberty!"
He said, with dying breath.

And after him the Switzers
No more knew doubts or fears:
They passed the broken shield-wall—
They passed the hedge of spears:
And where he fell they mounted,
O'er shattered helm and shield,
And drave the Austrian spoilers
From Sempach's gory field!

Five hundred years have mouldered
O'er Winkelried the Swiss:
No slave hath breathed in Switzerland
From that brave day to this.

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And as the Lord yet liveth,
I cannot help but pray
Some Winkelried might lift his voice
In mine own land to-day!

Some stern and loyal leader,
To shame our doubts and fears,
And cleave for us the shield-wall,
And break the hedge of spears:
Some hero-man, o'ermastering
A slavish time like this—
To make a path for Liberty—
Like Winkelried the Swiss!

FROM A SPEECH IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Let the student carefully and understandingly read this magnificent burst of eloquence. When the full meaning of every sentence is clearly conceived there will no difficulty in giving suitable action and expression to every part:

Mr. President,—When the mariner has been tossed, for many days, in thick weather and on an unknown sea, he naturally avails himself of the first pause in the storm, the earliest glance of the sun, to take his latitude, and ascertain how far the elements have driven him from his true course. Let us imitate this prudence, and before we float further on the waves of this debate, refer to the point from which we departed, that we may at least be able to conjecture where we now are. I ask for the reading of the resolution. * * * * * *

We have thus heard, sir, what the resolution is, which is actually before us for consideration; and it will readily occur to every one that it is almost the only subject about which something has not been said, in the speech, running through two days, by which the senate has been now entertained by the gentleman from South Carolina.

Every topic in the wide range of our public affairs, whether past or present,—everything general or local, whether belonging to national politics or party politics,—seems to have attracted more or less of the honorable member's attention, save only the resolution before the senate. He has spoken of everything but the public lands. They have escaped his notice. To that subject, in all his excursions, he has not paid even the cold respect of a passing glance.

When this debate, sir, was to be resumed, on Thursday morning,

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it so happened that it would have been convenient for me to be elsewhere. The honorable member, however, did not incline to put off the discussion to another day. He had a shot, he said, to return, and he wished to discharge it. That shot, sir,—which it was kind thus to inform us was coming, that we might stand out of the way, or prepare ourselves to fall before it, and die with decency,—has now been received.

Under all advantages, and with expectation awakened by the tone which preceded it, it has been discharged, and has spent its force. It may become me to say no more of its effect, than that, if nobody is found, after all, either killed or wounded by it, it is not the first time, in the history of human affairs, that the vigor and success of the war have not quite come up to the lofty and sounding phrase of the manifesto.

The gentleman, sir, in declining to postpone the debate, told the senate, with the emphasis of his hand upon his heart, that there was something rankling *here*, which he wished to relieve. [Mr. H. here rose, and disclaimed having used the word *rankling*.] It would not, Mr. President, be safe for the honorable member to appeal to those around him, upon the question, whether he did, in fact, make use of that word.

But he may have been unconscious of it. At any rate; it is enough that he disclaims it. But still, with or without the use of that particular word, he had yet something *here*, he said, of which he wished to rid himself by an immediate reply. In this respect, sir, I have a great advantage over the honorable gentleman. There is nothing *here*, sir, which gives me the slightest uneasiness; neither fear, nor anger, nor that which is sometimes more troublesome than either,—the consciousness of having been in the wrong. There is nothing, either originating *here*, or now received *here* by the gentleman's shot.

Nothing original, for I had not the slightest feeling of disrespect or unkindness towards the honorable member. Some passages, it is true, had occurred, since our acquaintance in this body, which I could have wished might have been otherwise; but I had used philosophy, and forgotten them.

When the honorable member rose, in his first speech, I paid him the respect of attentive listening; and when he sat down, though surprised, and I must say even astonished, at some of his opinions, nothing was further from my intention than to commence any personal warfare; and through the whole of the few remarks I made in answer, I avoided studiously and carefully everything which I thought possible to be construed into disrepect.

And, sir, while there is thus nothing originating *here*, which I wished at any time, or now wish, to discharge, I must repeat, also, that nothing has been received *here*, which *rankles*, or in any way gives me annoyance. I will not accuse the honorable member of

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No. 6.—See Appendix.

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violating the rules of civilized war, I will not say, that he poisoned his arrows.

But whether his shafts were, or were not, dipped in that which would have caused rankling, if they had reached, there was not, as it happened, quite strength enough in the bow to bring them to their mark. If he wishes now to gather up those shafts, he must look for them elsewhere; they will not be found fixed and quivering in the object at which they were aimed.

The honorable member complained that I had slept on his speech. I must have slept on it, or not slept at all. The moment the honorable member sat down, his friend from Missouri rose, and with much honied commendation of the speech, suggested that the impressions which it had produced were too charming and delightful to be disturbed by other sentiments or other sounds, and proposed that the senate should adjourn.

Would it have been quite amiable in me, sir, to interrupt this excellent good feeling? Must I not have been absolutely malicious, if I could have thrust myself forward, to destroy sensations thus pleasing? Was it not much better and kinder, both to sleep upon them myself, and to allow others, also, the pleasure of sleeping upon them?

But if it be meant, by sleeping upon his speech, that I took time to prepare a reply to it, it is quite a mistake; owing to other engagements, I could not employ even the interval between the adjournment of the senate and its meeting the next morning, in attention to the subject of this debate. Nevertheless, sir, the mere matter of fact is undoubtedly true—I did sleep on the gentleman's speech; and slept soundly.

And I slept equally well on his speech of yesterday, to which I am now replying. It is quite possible that in this respect, also, I possess some advantage over the honorable member, attributable, doubtless, to a cooler temperament on my part; for, in truth, I slept upon his speeches remarkably well.

But the gentleman inquires why *he* was made the object of such a reply? Why was *he* singled out? If an attack has been made on the East, he, he assures us, did not begin it; it was the gentleman from Missouri. Sir, I answered the gentleman's speech because I happened to hear it; and because, also, I chose to give an answer to that speech, which, if unanswered, I thought most likely to produce injurious impressions.

I did not stop to inquire who was the original drawer of the bill. I found a responsible endorser before me, and it was my purpose to hold him liable, and to bring him to his just responsibility, without delay. But, sir, this interrogatory of the honorable member was only introductory to another.

He proceeded to ask me whether I had turned upon him, in this debate, from the consciousness that I should find an overmatch. if

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I ventured on a contest with his friend from Missouri. If, sir, the honorable member, *ex gratia modestiæ*,* had chosen thus to defer to his friend, and to pay him a compliment, without intentional disparagement to others, it would have been quite according to the friendly courtesies of debate, and not at all ungrateful to my own feelings.

I am not one of those, sir, who esteem any tribute of regard, whether light and occasional, or more serious and deliberate, which may be bestowed on others, as so much unjustly withholden from themselves. But the tone and manner of the gentleman's question forbid me that I thus interpret it. I am not at liberty to consider it as nothing more than a civilty to his friend.

It had an air of taunt and disparagement, something of the loftiness of asserted superiority, which does not allow me to pass it over without notice. It was put as a question for me to answer, and so put as if it were difficult for me to answer, Whether I deemed the member from Missouri an overmatch for myself, in debate here? It seems to me, sir, that this is extraordinary language, and an extraordinary tone, for the discussions of this body.

Matches and overmatches! Those terms are more applicable elsewhere than here, and fitter for other assemblies than this. Sir, the gentleman seems to forget where and what we are. This is a senate; a senate of equals; of men of individual honor and personal character, and of absolute independence.

We know no masters; we acknowledge no dictators. This is a hall for mutual consultation and discussion; not an arena for the exhibition of champions. I offer myself, sir, as a match for no man; I throw the challenge of debate at no man's feet.

But then, sir, since the honorable member has put the question in a manner that calls for an answer, I will give him an answer; and I tell him, that, holding myself to be the humblest of the members here, I yet know nothing in the arm of his friend from Missouri, either alone, or when aided by the arm of *his* friend from South Carolina, that need deter even me from espousing whatever opinions I may choose to espouse, from debating whenever I may choose to debate, or from speaking whatever I may see fit to say, on the floor of the senate.

Sir, when uttered as matter of commendation or compliment, I should dissent from nothing which the honorable member might say of his friend. Still less do I put forth any pretensions of my own. But, when put to me as matter of taunt, I throw it back, and say to the gentleman that he could possibly say nothing less likely than such a comparison to wound my pride of personal character. The anger of its tone rescued the remark from inten-

* For the sake of modesty

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tional irony, which, otherwise, probably, would have been its general acceptation.

But, sir, if it be imagined that by this mutual quotation and commendation; if it be supposed that, by casting the characters of the drama, assigning to each his part,—to one the attack, to another the cry of onset; or, if it be thought that by a loud and empty vaunt of anticipated victory any laurels are to be won here; if it be imagined, especially, that any or all these things will shake any purpose of mine,—I can tell the honorable member, once for all, that he is greatly mistaken, and that he is dealing with one of whose temper and character he has yet much to learn.

Sir, I shall not allow myself, on this occasion,—I hope on no occasion,—to be betrayed into any loss of temper; but if provoked—as I trust I never shall be—into crimination and recrimination, the honorable member may, perhaps, find that, in that contest, there will be blows to take as well as blows to give; that others can state comparisons as significant, at least, as his own; and that his impunity may possibly demand of him whatever powers of taunt and sarcasm he may possess. I commend him to a prudent husbandry of his resources.

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

SHAKESPEARE.

This charming epitome of human life affords, in its brief space, almost every variety of expression. Running the gamut from the faint moan of infancy to the resonant base of manhood—again declining to the low, weak cadence of senility and feebleness:

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits, and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
And then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school: And then, the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow: Then, a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation

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Even in the cannon's mouth: And then, the justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon;
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound: Last scene of all
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

THE FRETFUL MAN.

COWPER.

This extract admits of much imitation or even mimicry. The tones, fidgetty manner, and vinegar aspect of the fretful man should be closely "taken off:"

Some fretful tempers wince at every touch,—
You always do too little or too much:
You speak with life, in hopes to entertain,—
Your elevated voice goes through the brain;
You fall at once into a lower key,—
That's worse, the drone-pipe of an humble-bee.
The southern sash admits too strong a light;
You rise and drop the curtain,—now 'tis night.
He shakes with cold; you stir the fire, and strive
To make a blaze,—that's roasting him alive.
Serve him with venison, and he chooses fish;
With sole,—that's just the sort he would not wish.
He takes what he at first professed to loathe,
And in due time feeds heartily on both;
Yet still o'erclouded with a constant frown,
He does not swallow, but he gulps it down.
Your hope to please him vain on every plan,
Himself should work that wonder, if he can.
Alas! his efforts double his distress,
He likes yours little, and his own still less;
Thus always teasing others, always teased,
His only pleasure is to be displeased.

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THE AMERICAN UNION.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

At first the speaker should speak in solemn, almost stately and impressive tones, with but little fire, or action; but when the orator sees, as in a vision, the future destiny of the Union, his voice should resound and his action become animated:

I profess, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country.

That union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues, in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life.

Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread further and further, they have not outrun its protection, or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder.

I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

While the union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind!

When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious union; on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood!

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Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, What is all this worth? nor those other words of delusion and folly, Liberty first, and union afterward; but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart, Liberty and union now and forever, one and inseparable!

OLD IRONSIDES.

OLIVER W. HOLMES.

The following was written when it was proposed to dismantle the celebrated United States Ship, "The Constitution"—popularly called "Old Ironsides." Most of the lines should be delivered in round, resonant, ringing tones:

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle-shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

O, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave!
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave!
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

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A PLEA FOR THE OX.

DUGANNE.

This beautiful poem should be recited with a calm, even, devout dignity; occasionally rising into energetic expression as the poet apostrophizes the Deity in behalf of the down-trodden:

Of all my Father's herds and flocks,
I love the Ox—the large-eyed Ox!
I think no Christian man would wrong
The Ox—so patient, calm, and strong!

How huge his strength! and yet, with flowers
A child can lead this Ox of ours;
And yoke his ponderous neck, with cords
Made only of the gentlest words.

By fruitful Nile the Ox was Lord;
By Jordan's stream his blood was poured;
In every age—with every clan—
He loves, he serves, he dies for MAN!

And, through the long, long years of God,
Since laboring ADAM delved the sod,
I hear no human voice that mocks
The *hue* which God hath given His Ox!

While burdening toils bow down his back,
Who asks if he be *white* or *black*?
And when his generous blood is shed,
Who shall deny its common *red*?

"Ye shall not muzzle"—God hath sworn—
"The Ox, that treadeth out the corn!"
I think no Christian law ordains
That *Ox* or *Man* should toil in chains.

So, haply, for an Ox I pray,
That kneels and toils for us this day;
A huge, calm, patient, large-eyed Ox,
Black-skinned, among our herds and flocks.

So long, O righteous Lord! so long
Bowed down, and yet so brave and strong—
I think no Christian, just and true,
Can spurn this poor Ox for his *hue*!

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I know not why he shall not toil,
Black-skinned, upon our broad, free soil;
And lift aloft his dusky frame,
Unbranded by a bondman's name!

And struggling still, for nobler goal,
With wakening will and soaring soul,
I know not why his great free strength
May not be our best wealth at length:

That strength which, in the limbs of *slaves*—
Like Egypt's—only piles up graves!
But in the hands of *freemen* now
May build up states, by axe and plough!—

And rear up souls, as purely white
As angels, clothed with heavenly light;
And yield forth life-blood, richly red
As patriot hearts have ever shed.

God help us! we are veiled within—
Or white or black—with shrouds of skin;
And, at the last, we all shall crave
Small difference in the breadth of grave!

But—when the grass grows, green and calm,
And smells above our dust, like balm—
I think our rest will sweeter be,
If over us the Ox be—*free!*

THE BATTLE OF IVRY.

MACAULAY.

Being a supposed song of triumph, the pitch of the voice should be high and ringing, as a silver clarion. Where the action of the fight is more particularly described, the utterance should be as rapid as possible consistently with clearness:

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and the dance,
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, O pleasant land of France!
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.

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As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold and stiff and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war;
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry and King Henry of Navarre!

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land!
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand;
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for His own holy name and Henry of Navarre!

The king is come to marshal us, in all his armor dressed,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest:
He looked upon his people and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, in deafening shout, "God save our lord, the king!"
"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may—
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray—
Press where you see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme, to-day, the helmet of Navarre!"

Hurrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled din
Of fife and steed and trump and drum and roaring culverin!
The fiery duke is pricking fast across St. Andre's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies now! upon them with the lance!—
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed;—while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre!

Now God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned his rein,
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter, the Flemish count is slain,
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,
"Remember St. Bartholomew," was passed from man to man:
But out spake gentle Henry then, "No Frenchman is my foe;
Down, down with every foreigner; but let your brethren go."

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Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre!

Ho! maidens of Vienna! Ho! matrons of Lucerne!
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls!
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright!
Ho! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night!
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valor of the brave.
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are;
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre!

A MODEST WIT.

The reciter should quietly read the beginning of this piece in an ordinary conversational tone. The flippant taunts of the nabob should be spoken with a supercilious drawl—the replies of Modestus with a calm, slightly veiled, but yet perceptible, irony:

A supercilious nabob of the East—
  Haughty, being great—purse-proud, being rich—
A governor, or general, at the least,
  I have forgotten which—
Had in his family a humble youth,
  Who went from England, in his patron's suite,
An unassuming boy, and in truth
  A lad of decent parts and good repute.

This youth had sense and spirit;
  But yet, with all his sense,
  Excessive diffidence
Obscured his merit.

One day, at table, flushed with pride and wine,
  His honor, proudly free, severely merry,
Conceived it would be vastly fine
  To crack a joke upon his secretary.

"Young man," he said, "by what art, craft, or trade
  Did your good father gain a livelihood?"—
"He was a saddler, sir," Modestus said,
  "And in his time was reckoned good."

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No. 7.—See Appendix.

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"A saddler, eh? and taught you Greek,
Instead of teaching you to sew!
Pray, why did not your father make
A saddler, sir, of you?"

Each parasite then, as in duty bound,
The joke applauded, and the laugh went round.
At length Modestus, bowing low,
Said (craving pardon, if too free he made),
"Sir, by your leave, I fain would know
Your father's trade?"

"My father's trade! Come, come, sir! that's too bad!
My father's trade! Why, blockhead, are you mad?
My father, sir, did never stoop so low—
He was a gentleman, I'd have you know."

"Excuse the liberty I take,"
Modestus said, with archness on his brow,—
"Pray, why did not your father make
A gentleman of you?"

THE LABORER.

WM. D. GALLAGHER.

This piece, full of noble sentiment, expressed in nervous, manly language, should be declaimed with a rather loud, and somewhat appealing tone, as if the speaker was reasoning with his auditor:

Stand up, erect! Thou hast the form
And likeness of thy God!—who more?
A soul as dauntless mid the storm
Of daily life, a heart as warm
And pure, as breast e'er wore.

What then?—Thou art as true a man
As moves the human mass among;
As much a part of the great plan
That with Creation's dawn began
As any of the throng.

Who is thine enemy? the high
In station, or in wealth the chief?
The great, who coldly pass thee by,
With proud step and averted eye?
Nay! nurse not such belief.

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If true unto thyself thou wast,
What were the proud one's scorn to thee?
A feather, which thou mightest cast
Aside, as idly as the blast
The light leaf from the tree.

No:—uncurbed passions, low desires,
Absence of noble self-respect,
Death, in the breast's consuming fires,
To that high nature which aspires
Forever, till thus checked;

These are thine enemies—thy worst;
They chain thee to thy lowly lot:
Thy labor and thy life accursed.
O, stand erect! and from them burst!
And longer suffer not!

Thou art thyself thine enemy!
The great!—what better they than thou?
As theirs, is not thy will as free?
Has God with equal favors thee
Neglected to endow?

True, wealth thou hast not—'tis but dust!
Nor place, uncertain as the wind!
But that thou hast, which, with thy crust
And water may despise the lust
Of both—a noble mind!

With this, and passions under ban,
True faith, and holy trust in God,
Thou art the peer of any man.
Look up, then: that thy little span
Of life may be well trod!

DRAFTED.

MRS. H. L. BOSTWICK.

The opening stanzas of this poem should be recited in an agitated, broken voice, as though the fond mother could not fully realize the fact of her boy being drafted:—in the end the voice changes to a firmer and gentler tone, as a spirit of resignation fills the mother's heart:

My son! What! Drafted? My Harry! Why, man, 'tis a boy at his books;
No taller, I'm sure, than your Annie—as delicate, too, in his looks.

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Why, it seems but a day since he helped me, girl-like, in my kitchen at tasks;
He drafted! Great God, can it be that our President knows what he asks?

He never could wrestle, this boy, though in spirit as brave as the best;
Narrow-chested, a little, you notice, like him who has long been at rest.
Too slender for over-much study—why, his master has made him to-day
Go out with his ball on the common—and you have drafted a child at his play!

"Not a patriot?" Fie! Did I whimper when Robert stood up with his gun,
And the hero-blood chafed in his forehead, the evening we heard of Bull Run?
Pointing his finger at Harry, but turning his eyes to the wall,
"There's a staff growing up for your age, mother," said Robert, "if I am to fall."

"Eighteen?" Oh I know! And yet narrowly; just a wee babe on the day
When his father got up from a sick-bed and cast his last ballot for Clay.
Proud of his boy and his ticket, said he, "A new morsel of fame
We'll lay on the candidate's altar"—and christened the child with his name.

Oh, what have I done, a weak woman, in what have I meddled with harm,
(Troubling only my God for the sunshine and rain on my rough little farm,)
That my ploughshares are beaten to swords, and whetted before my eyes,
That my tears must cleanse a foul nation, my lamb be a sacrifice?

Oh, 'tis true there's a country to save, man, and 'tis true there is no appeal,
But did God see my boy's name lying the uppermost one in the wheel?
Five stalwart sons has my neighbor, and never the lot upon one;
Are these things Fortune's caprices, or is it God's will that is done?

Are the others too precious for resting where Robert is taking his rest,
With the pictured face of young Annie lying over the rent in his breast?

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Too tender for parting with sweet hearts? Too fair to be crippled or scarred?
My boy! Thank God for these tears—I was growing so bitter and hard!

* * * * * * * * *

Now read me a page in the Book, Harry, that goes in your knapsack to-night,
Of the eye that sees when the sparrow grows weary and falters in flight;
Talk of something that's nobler than living, of a Love that is higher than mine,
And faith which has planted its banner where the heavenly campfires shine.

Talk of something that watches us softly, as the shadows glide down in the yard;
That shall go with my soldier to battle, and stand with my picket on guard.
Spirits of loving and lost ones—watch softly with Harry to-night,
For to-morrow he goes forth to battle—to arm him for Freedor and Right!

PUBLIC VIRTUE.

HENRY CLAY.

The speaker should commence this with a rather slow, measured manner, and a rather low tone, which rises gradually as the glowing thoughts seem to fill the soul; till at the last paragraph the voice should rise, the form dilate as if under the inspiration enkindled by the glorious theme:

I hope, that in all that relates to personal firmness, all that concerns a just appreciation of the insignificance of human life,—whatever may be attempted to threaten or alarm a soul not easily swayed by opposition, or awed or intimidated by menace,—a stout heart and a steady eye, that can survey, unmoved and undaunted, any mere personal perils that assail this poor, transient, perishing frame, I may, without disparagement, compare with other men.

But there is a sort of courage, which, I frankly confess it, I do not possess,—a boldness to which I dare not aspire, a valor which I cannot covet. I cannot lay myself down in the way of the welfare and happiness of my country. That I cannot, I have not the courage to do. I cannot interpose the power with which I may be invested—a power conferred, not for my personal benefit, nor for my aggrandizement, but for my country's good—to check her

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onward march to greatness and glory. I have not courage enough. I am too cowardly for that.

I would not, I dare not, in the exercise of such a trust, lie down, and place my body across the path that leads my country to prosperity and happiness. This is a sort of courage widely different from that which a man may display in his private conduct and personal relations. Personal or private courage is totally distinct from that higher and nobler courage which prompts the patriot to offer himself a voluntary sacrifice to his country's good.

Apprehensions of the imputation of the want of firmness sometimes impel us to perform rash and inconsiderate acts. It is the greatest courage to be able to bear the imputation of the want of courage. But pride, vanity, egotism, so unamiable and offensive in private life, are vices which partake of the character of crimes, in the conduct of public affairs. The unfortunate victim of these passions cannot see beyond the little, petty, contemptible circle of his own personal interests. All his thoughts are withdrawn from his country, and concentrated on his consistency, his firmness, himself.

The high, the exalted, the sublime emotions of a patriotism, which, soaring toward heaven, rises far above all mean, low, or selfish things, and is absorbed by one soul-transporting thought of the good and the glory of one's country, are never felt in his impenetrable bosom. That patriotism, which, catching its inspirations from the immortal God, and leaving at an immeasurable distance below all lesser, grovelling, personal interests and feelings, animates and prompts to deeds of self-sacrifice, of valor, of devotion, and of death itself,—that is public virtue; that is the noblest, the sublimest, of all public virtues!

THE DESERTED WIFE.

PERCIVAL.

These lines should be spoken in a somewhat low tone—rising at times a little above an ordinary conversational style of speaking—sorrow, deep sorrow, should be expressed by the depth rather than the strength of the voice:

He comes not—I have watched the moon go down,
But yet he comes not. Once it was not so.
He thinks not how these bitter tears do flow,
The while he holds his riot in that town.
Yet he will come, and chide, and I shall weep,
And he will wake my infant from its sleep,
To blend its feeble wailing with my tears.

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O! how I love a mother's watch to keep,
Over those sleeping eyes, that smile, which cheers
My heart, though sunk in sorrow, fixed and deep.
I had a husband once, who loved me—now
He ever wears a frown upon his brow,
And feeds his passion on a wanton's lip,
As bees from laurel flowers a poison sip.

But yet I cannot hate—O! there were hours
When I could hang forever on his eye,
And time, who stole with silent swiftness by,
Strewed, as he hurried on, his path with flowers.

I loved him then—he loved me too. My heart
Still finds its fondness kindle if he smile;
The memory of our loves will ne'er depart;
And though he often sting me with a dart,
Venomed and barbed, and waste upon the vile
Caresses which his babe and mine should share,—
Though he should spurn me,—I will calmly bear,
His madness; and should sickness come and lay
Its paralyzing hand upon him, then
I would with kindness, all my wrongs repay
Until the penitent should weep and say,
How injured and how faithful I had been!

RED JACKET.

HALLECK.

This piece of fine descriptive writing will give the speaker an excellent opportunity of quietly suggesting an ironical meaning by the tone and manner of delivery:

Who will believe?—not I—for in deceiving
Lies the dear charm of life's delightful dream,
I cannot spare the luxury of believing
That all things beautiful are what they seem.

Who will believe that, with a smile whose blessing
Would, like the patriarch's, soothe a dying hour;
With voice as low, as gentle, and caressing,
As e'er won maiden's lip in moonlight bower;
With look like patient Job's, eschewing evil;
With motions graceful as a bird's in air;
Thou art, in sober truth, the veriest devil
That e'er clinched fingers in a captive's hair?

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That in thy veins there springs a poison fountain,
Deadlier than that which bathes the upas-tree;
And in thy wrath, a nursing cat-o'-mountain
Is calm as her babe's sleep compared with thee?

And underneath that face like summer's oceans
Its lip as moveless, and its cheek as clear,
Slumbers a whirlwind of the heart's emotions—
Love, hatred, pride, hope, sorrow—all, save fear.
Love—for thy land, as if she were thy daughter,
Her pipes in peace, her tomahawk in wars;
Hatred—of missionaries and cold water;
Pride—in thy rifle-trophies and thy scars;
Hope—that thy wrongs will be by the Great Spirit
Remembered and revenged when thou art gone;
Sorrow—that none are left thee to inherit
Thy name, thy fame, thy passions, and thy throne.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

J. G. WHITTIER.

This should be recited in a quiet, rather subdued tone, in a pleasant, almost conversational style, a style by the way, often very effective, both at the bar and on the stump; as a relief from the more elevated and highly wrought eloquence:

Brisk wielder of the birch and rule,
The master of the district school
Held at the fire his favored place;
Its warm glow lit a laughing face
Fresh-hued and fair, where scarce appeared
The uncertain prophecy of beard.
He teased the mitten-blinded cat,
Played cross-pins on my uncle's hat,
Sang songs, and told us what befalls
In classic Dartmouth's college halls.

Born the wild northern hills among,
From whence his yeoman father wrung
By patient toil subsistence scant,
Not competence and yet not want,
He early gained the power to pay
His cheerful, self-reliant way;
Could doff at ease his scholar's gown
To peddle wares from town to town;

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Or through the long vacation's reach
In lonely lowland districts teach,
Where all the droll experience found
At stranger hearths in boarding round,
The moonlit skater's keen delight,
The sleigh-drive through the frosty night,
The rustic party, with its rough
Accompaniment of blind-man's buff,
And whirling plate, and forfeits paid,
His winter task a pastime made.

Happy the snow-locked homes wherein
He tuned his merry violin,
Or played the athlete in the barn,
Or held the good dame's winding yarn,
Or mirth-provoking versions told
Of classic legends rare and old,
Wherein the scenes of Greece and Rome
Had all the commonplace of home,
And little seemed at best the odds
'Twixt Yankee peddlers and old gods;
Where Pindus-born Araxes took
The guise of any grist-mill brook,
And dread Olympus at his will
Became a whortleberry hill.

WATCHING LITTLE CHILDREN.

This should be spoken in a simple, unaffected manner, the voice slightly raised, and the tones, pure, distinct, but in no part strongly emphasized. The speaker will do well to remember that there are times when emphasis ceases to be *emphatic:*

Mother, watch the little feet
  Climbing o'er the garden wall,
Rounding through the busy street.
  Ranging cellar, shed and hall.
Never count the moments lost,
Never mind the time it costs;
Little feet will go astray;
Guide, them, mother, while you may.

Mother, watch the little hand
  Picking berries by the way,
Making houses in the sand,
  Tossing up the fragrant hay.

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Never dare the question ask,
"Why to me this weary task?"
These same little hands may prove
Messengers of light and love.

Mother, watch the little tongue
Prating eloquent and wild;
What is said and what is sung,
By the happy, joyous child.
Catch the word while yet unspoken,
Stop the vow before 'tis broken;
This same tongue may yet proclaim
Blessings on the Saviour's name.

Mother, watch the little heart,
Beating soft and warm for you;
Wholesome lessons now impart;
Keep, O keep that young heart true;
Culling out each noxious weed,
Sowing good and precious seed;
Harvest rich you then may see,
Ripening for eternity.

LANGUAGE.

O. W. HOLMES.

In this piece—(not only exceedingly humorous but highly instructive)—by carefully enunciating the words pointed out as correct and incorrect, and referring to his dictionary for their pronunciation, the student will have learned to avoid errors which frequently mar the elocution of otherwise great orators:

Some words on language may be well applied,
And take them kindly, though they touch your pride.
Words lead to things; a scale is more precise,—
Coarse speech, bad grammar, swearing, drinking, vice.
Our cold North-easter's icy fetter clips
The native freedom of the Saxon lips;
See the brown peasant of the plastic South,
How all his passions play about his mouth!
With us, the feature that transmits the soul,
A frozen, passive, palsied breathing-hole.

The crampy shackles of the ploughboy's walk
Tie the small muscles, when he strives to talk;

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Not all the pumice of the polished town
Can smooth this roughness of the barnyard down;
Rich, honored, titled, he betrays his race
By this one mark,—he's awkward in the face;—
Nature's rude impress, long before he knew
The sunny street that holds the sifted few.

It can't be helped, though, if we're taken young,
We gain some freedom of the lips and tongue;
But school and college often try in vain
To break the padlock of our boybood's chain;
One stubborn word will prove this axiom true—
No late-caught rustic can enunciate *view*.

A few brief stanzas may be well employed
To speak of errors we can all avoid.
Learning condemns beyond the reach of hope
The careless churl that speaks of sòap for soap;
Her edict exiles from her fair abode
The clownish voice that utters rôad for road;
Less stern to him who calls his coat a côat,
And steers his boat believing it a bôat.
She pardoned one, our classic city's boast,
Who said, at Cambridge, môst instead of most;
But knit her brows, and stamped her angry foot,
To hear a teacher call a root a rôot.

Once more: speak clearly, if you speak at all;
Carve every word before you let it fall;
Don't, like a lecturer or dramatic star,
Try over hard to roll the British R;
Do put your accents in the proper spot;
Don't,—let me beg you,—don't say "How?" for "What?"
And when you stick on conversation's burs,
Don't strew the pathway with those dreadful *urs*.

A PARENTAL ODE

To my Son, aged Three Years and Five Months.

THOMAS HOOD.

The lines *not* in parenthesis should be recited with a joyous, proud, exulting tone; the lines within parenthesis with a voice and manner exactly the reverse:

Thou happy, happy elf!
(But stop—first let me kiss away that tear;)
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)

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No. 8.—See Appendix.

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Thou merry, laughing sprite!
With spirits feather light,
Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin,
(Good heavens! the child is swallowing a pin!)

Thou little tricksy Puck!
With antic joys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air,
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)
Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents—(Drat the boy!
There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub—but of earth;
Fit play-fellow for Fays by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth,
(That dog will bite him, if he pulls its tail!)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny,
(Another tumble—that's his precious nose!)
Thy father's pride and hope!
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope!)
With pure heart newly stamped from nature's mint,
(Where did he learn that squint?)

Thou young domestic dove!
(He'll have that jug off, with another shove!)
Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest!
(Are those torn clothes his best?)
Little epitome of man!
(He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan!)
Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life
(He's got a knife!)
Thou enviable being!
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on, play on,
My elfin John!

Toss the light ball—bestride the stick,
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,
With many a lamb-like frisk,
(He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)

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Thou pretty opening rose!
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
Balmy, and breathing music like the south,
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
Fresh as the morn and brilliant as its star,
(I wish that window had an iron bar!)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,
(I'll tell you what, my love,
I cannot write, unless he's sent above!)

ON THE SHORES OF TENNESSEE.

E. L. BEERS.

The opening verses should be given in a low, almost plaintive tone; when the flag is seen, the exclamations should be ejaculated with spirit and rapturous delight. Care should be taken not to give the negro *patois* too broad, or it may prove a defect; where properly spoken it is really a beauty:

"Move my arm-chair, faithful Pompey
In the sunshine bright and strong,
For this world is fading, Pompey—
Massa won't be with you long;
And I fain would hear the south wind
Bring once more the sound to me,
Of the wavelets softly breaking
On the shores of Tennessee.

"Mournful though the ripples murmur
As they still the story tell,
How no vessels float the banner
That I've loved so long and well
I shall listen to their music,
Dreaming that again I see
Stars and stripes on sloop and shallop
Sailing up the Tennessee;

"And, Pompey, while old Massa's waiting
For Death's last dispatch to come,
If that exiled starry banner
Should come proudly sailing home,
You shall greet it, slave no longer—
Voice and hand shall both be free
That shout and point to Union colors
On the waves of Tennessee."

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"Massa's berry kind to Pompey;
But old darkey's happy here,
Where he's tended corn and cotton
For dese many a long gone year.
Over yonder, Missis' sleeping—
No one tends her grave like me:
Mebbe she would miss the flowers
She used to love in Tennessee.

"'Pears like, she was watching Massa—
If Pompey should beside him stay,
Mebbe she'd remember better
How for him she used to pray;
Telling him that way up yonder
White as snow his soul would be,
If he served the Lord of Heaven
While he lived in Tennessee."

Silently the tears were rolling
Down the poor old dusky face,
As he stepped behind his master,
In his long-accustomed place.
Then a silence fell around them,
As they gazed on rock and tree
Pictured in the placid waters
Of the rolling Tennessee;—

Master, dreaming of the battle
Where he fought by Marion's side,
When he bid the haughty Tarleton
Stoop his lordly crest of pride;—
Man, remembering how yon sleeper
Once he held upon his knee,
Ere she loved the gallant soldier,
Ralph Vervair of Tennessee.

Still the south wind fondly lingers
'Mid the veteran's silver hair;
Still the bondman close beside him
Stands behind the old arm-chair,
With his dark-hued hand uplifted,
Shading eyes, he bends to see
Where the woodland, boldly jutting,
Turns aside the Tennessee.

Thus he watches cloud-born shadows
Glide from tree to mountain-crest,
Softly creeping, aye and ever
To the river's yielding breast.

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Ha! above the foliage yonder
Something flutters wild and free
"Massa! Massa! Hallelujah!
The flag's come back to Tennessee!"

"Pompey, hold me on your shoulder,
Help me stand on foot once more,
That I may salute the colors
As they pass my cabin door.
Here's the paper signed that frees you,
Give a freeman's shout with me—
'God and Union!' be our watchword
Evermore in Tennessee!"

Then the trembling voice grew fainter,
And the limbs refused to stand;
One prayer to Jesus—and the soldier
Glided to the better land.
When the flag went down the river
Man and master both were free;
While the ring-dove's note was mingled
With the rippling Tennessee.

RETREAT OF THE FRENCH ARMY FROM MOSCOW.

CROLY.

This should be delivered in an animated, but solemn manner; the voice rather high, being elevated, as the action described is full of life; falling gradually as solemn reflections are conjured up by the awful fate of "The Grand Army:"

Magnificence of ruin! What has time,
In all it ever gazed upon of war,
Of the wild rage of storm, or deadly clime,
Seen, with that battle's vengeance to compare?
How glorious shone the invaders' pomp afar!
Like pampered lions from the spoil they came;
The land before them, silence and despair,
The land behind them, massacre and flame:
Blood will have tenfold blood:—What are they now? A name.

Homeward by hundred thousands,—column deep,
Broad square, loose squadron,—rolling like the flood
When mighty torrents from their channels leap,
Rushed through the land, the haughty multitude,

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Billow on endless billow: on, through wood,
O'er rugged hill, down sunless, marshy vale,
The death-devoted moved; to clangor rude
Of drum, and horn, and dissonant clash of mail,
Glancing disastrous light before that sunbeam pale.

The hour of vengeance strikes! Hark to the gale,
As it bursts hollow through the rolling clouds,
That from the north in sullen grandeur sail,
Like floating Alps! Advancing darkness broods
Upon the wild horizon; and the woods,
Now sinking into brambles, echo shrill,
As the gust sweeps them; and those upper floods
Shoot on the leafless boughs the sleet-drops chill,
That, on the hurrying crowds, in freezing showers distil

They reach the wilderness! The majesty
Of solitude is spread before their gaze—
Stern nakedness, dark earth, and wrathful sky!
If ruins were there, they had ceased to blaze;
If blood were shed, the ground no more betrays,
E'en by a skeleton, the crime of man:
Behind them rolls the deep and drenching haze,
Wrapping their rear in night; before their van
The struggling daylight shows the unmeasured desert wan.

Still on they sweep, as if the hurrying march
Could bear them from the rushing of His wheel,
Whose chariot is the whirlwind. Heaven's clear arch
At once is covered with a livid veil;
In mixed and fighting heaps the deep clouds reel:
Upon the dense horizon hangs the sun
In sanguine light, an orb of burning steel;
The snows wheel down through twilight thick and dun
Now tremble, men of blood!—the Judgment has begun!

The trumpet of the northern winds has blown,
And it is answered by the dying roar
Of armies, on that boundless field o'erthrown:
Now, in the awful gusts, the desert hoar
Is tempested—a sea without a shore,
Lifting its feathery waves. The legions fly!
Volley on volley down the hailstones pour!
Blind, famished, frozen, mad, the wanderers die,
And, dying, hear the storm more wildly thunder by.

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AN ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.

BULWER.

The following magnificent description of perhaps the most awful phenomenon in nature, gives full scope for almost every tone and gesture. Care should, however, be taken that the natural grandeur of the subject be not marred by a stilted, pompous, or affected delivery. Let the speaker try to realize the thoughts and feelings of a spectator of the dark scene of desolation, and he cannot go amiss:

The eyes of the crowd beheld, with ineffable dismay, a vast vapor shooting from the summit of Vesuvius, in the form of a gigantic pine-tree; the trunk, blackness; the branches, fire, that shifted and wavered in its hues with every moment; now fiercely luminous, now of a dull and dying red, that again blazed terrifically forth with intolerable glare.

Then there arose on high the universal shrieks of women; the men stared at each other, but were dumb. At that moment they felt the earth shake beneath their feet; the walls of the theatre trembled; and beyond, in the distance, they heard the crash of falling roofs. An instant more, and the mountain-cloud seemed to roll toward them, dark and rapid like a torrent; at the same time it cast forth from its bosom a shower of ashes, mixed with fragments of burning stone! Over the crushing vines, over the desolate streets, over the amphitheatre itself,—far and wide,—with many a mighty splash in the agitated sea, fell that awful shower!

The cloud advanced, darker, disgorging showers of ashes and pumice stones; and, amid the other horrors, the mighty mountain now cast up columns of boiling water. Blent and kneaded with the half-burning ashes, the streams fell like seething mud over the streets, in frequent intervals.

The cloud, which had scattered so deep a murkiness over the day, at length settled into a solid and impenetrable mass. But in proportion as the blackness gathered did the lightnings around Vesuvius increase in their vivid and scorching glare.

Nor was their horrible beauty confined to their hues of fire. Now brightly blue, as the most azure depth of a southern sky; now of a livid and snake-like green, darting restlessly to and fro, as the folds of an enormous serpent; now of a lurid and intolerable crimson, gushing forth through the columns of smoke far and wide, and lighting up all Pompeii; then suddenly dying into a sickly paleness, like the ghost of its own life!

In the pauses of the showers were heard the rumbling of the earth beneath, and the groaning waves of the tortured sea; or, lower still, and audible but to the watch of intensest fear, the grind-

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ing and hissing murmur of the escaping gases through the chasms of the distant mountain.

The ashes, in many places, were already knee-deep; and in some places, immense fragments of rock, hurled upon the house-roofs, bore down along the streets masses of confused ruin, which yet more and more, with every hour, obstructed the way; and, as the day advanced, the motion of the earth was more sensibly felt; the footing seemed to slide and creep, nor could chariot or litter be kept steady, even on the most level ground.

Sometimes the huger stones, striking against each other as they fell, broke into countless fragments, emitting sparks of fire, which caught whatever was combustible within their reach; and along the plains beyond the city the darkness was now terribly relieved, for several houses and even vineyards had been set on flames; and at various intervals the fires rose fiercely and sullenly against the solid gloom. The citizens had endeavored to place rows of torches in the most frequented spots; but these rarely continued long; the showers and the wind extinguished them.

Suddenly arose an intense and lurid glow. Bright and gigantic through the darkness which closed around it, the mountain shone, a pile of fire! Its summit seemed riven in two; or rather, above its surface, there seemed to rise two monster-shapes, each confronting each, as demons contending for a world. These were of one deep blood-red hue of fire, which lighted up the whole atmosphere; but below, the nether part of the mountain was still dark and shrouded, save in three places, adown which flowed serpentine and irregular rivers of the molten lava. Darkly red through the profound gloom of their banks, they flowed slowly on, as towards the devoted city. And through the still air was heard the rattling of the fragments of rock, hurling one upon another, as they were borne down the fiery cataracts, darkening for one instant the spot where they fell, and suffused the next in the burnished hues of the flood along which they floated!

Suddenly a duller shade fell over the air; and one of the two gigantic crests into which the summit had been divided, rocked and waved to and fro; and then, with a sound, the mightiness of which no language can describe, it fell from its burning base, and rushed, an avalanche of fire, down the sides of the mountain. At the same instant gushed forth a volume of blackest smoke, rolling on, over air, sea and earth. Another, and another, and another shower of ashes, far more profuse than before, scattered fresh desolation along the streets, and darkness once more wrapt them as a veil.

The whole elements of civilization were broken up. If in the the darkness, wife was separated from husband, or parent from child, vain was the hope of re-union. Each hurried blindly and confusedly on. Nothing was left save the law of self-preservation.

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THE NEWCASTLE APOTHECARY.

GEORGE COLEMAN.

This piece gives a rare opportunity for variety of expression, and is also an excellent example for practising rapidity of utterance, and quick changes of tone and manner. The speaker, however, should be careful to suppress his own mirth, and give the conversation in a grave, matter-of-fact manner:

A man in many a country town, we know,
Professes openly with death to wrestle:
Entering the field against the grimly foe,
Armed with a mortar and a pestle.
Yet some affirm, no enemies they are;
But meet just like prize-fighters in a fair,
Who first shake hands before they box,
Then give each other plaguy knocks,
With all the love and kindness of a brother:
So (many a suffering patient saith),
Though the apothecary fights with Death,
Still they're sworn friends to one another.

A member of this Æsculapian line
Lived at Newcastle-upon-Tyne:
No man could better gild a pill,
Or make a bill;
Or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister;
Or draw a tooth out of your head,
Or chatter scandal by your bed.

* * * * * *

His fame full six miles round the country ran.
In short, in reputation he was *solus:*
All the old women called him "a fine man!"
His name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, though in trade
(Which oftentimes will genius fetter),
Read works of fancy, it is said,
And cultivated the belles lettres.
And why should this be thought so odd?
Can't men have taste who cure a phthisic?
Of poetry though patron god,
Apollo patronizes physic.
Bolus loved verse and took so much delight in 't,
That his prescriptions he resolved to write in 't.

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No opportunity he e'er let pass
Of writing the directions on his labels
In dapper couplets, like Gay's fables,
Or, rather, like the lines in Hudibras.
Apothecary's verse!—and where 's the treason?
'T is simply honest dealing; not a crime;
When patients swallow physic without reason,
It is but fair to give a little rhyme.

He had a patient lying at death's door,
Some three miles from the town,—it might be four;
To whom, one evening, Bolus sent an article
In pharmacy, that's called cathartical.
And on the label of the stuff
He wrote this verse,
Which one would think was clear enough,
And terse:—

"*When taken,*
To be well shaken."

Next morning early, Bolus rose,
And to the patient's house he goes
Upon his pad,
Who a vile trick of stumbling had:
It was, indeed, a very sorry hack;
But that's of course;
For what's expected from a horse,
With an apothecary on his back?
Bolus arrived, and gave a doubtful tap,
Between a single and a double rap.

Knocks of this kind
Are given by gentlemen who teach to dance;
By fiddlers, and by opera-singers;
One loud, and then a little one behind,
As if the knocker fell by chance
Out of their fingers.

The servant lets him in with dismal face,
Long as a courtier's out of place—
Portending some disaster;
John's countenance as rueful looked and grim,
As if the apothecary had physicked him,
And not his master.

"Well, how's the patient?" Bolus said;
John shook his head.
"Indeed!—hum! ha!—that's very odd!
He took the draught?" John gave a nod.

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"Well, how? what then? speak out, you dunce!"—
"Why, then," says John, "we shook him once."—
"Shook him!—how?" Bolus stammered out.—
"We jolted him about"—
"Zounds! shake a patient, man!—a shake won't do.—
"No, sir, and so we gave him two."—
"Two shakes! odd's curse!
'Twould make the patient worse."—
"It did so, sir, and so a third we tried."—
"Well, and what then?"—"Then, sir, my master died."

SHYLOCK ON THE RACK.

SHAKESPEARE.

The following scene from "The Merchant of Venice" will give the young orator a chance to perfect himself in the delineation of many and opposite passions. There are the taunts and heartless jests of the young coxcombs terribly contrasted by the violent outburst of the almost heart-broken usurer; who pours out the venom of his hatred with the most bitter vindictiveness of hatred and scorn:

Salar. How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

Shylock. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salar. That's certain; I for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Salan. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Salar. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Salar. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

Shy. I say my daughter, is my flesh and blood.

Salar. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match; a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dares scarce show his head on the Rialto;—a beggar that used to come so smug upon the mart;—let him look to his bond; he was wont to call me usurer;—let him look to his bond; he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy;—let him look to his bond.

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No. 9.—See Appendix.

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Salar. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: What's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me of half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? if you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us do we not laugh? if you poison us do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge; if a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villainy you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter TUBAL.

Salan. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[*Exeunt* SALAN. SALAR. *and* SERVANT.

Shy. How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now; two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them? —Why, so:—and I know not what's spent in the search: Why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too; Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. —hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God: Is it true? is it true?

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Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal;—Good news, good news: ha! ha!—Where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats!

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me:——I shall never see my gold again: Fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true: Go, Tubal, fee me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before: I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will: Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue: go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*

MARCO BOZZARIS.

HALLECK.

A more effective piece for forcible declamation is not to be found in the whole range of patriotic poetry. At first the speaker should enunciate in a low measured manner. When the assault of the camp by the Greeks is described, the voice should rise in pitch and increase in power until it rivals a "blast of that dread horn, on Fontarabian echoes borne." After the fall of the hero, the tones should become almost dirge-like, rising, however, at times into prophetic rapture:

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
  The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
  Should tremble at his power:
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
  In dreams, his song of triumph heard;

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Then wore his monarch's signet ring,
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king:
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
On old Platæa's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke:
That bright dream was his last;
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke—to die 'midst flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike—till the last armed foe expires;
Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires;
God—and your native land!"

They fought like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile, when rang their proud huzza,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, death!
Come to the mother's, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wait its stroke;

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Come in consumption's ghastly form;
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet-song, and dance and wine;
And thou art terrible. The tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.
But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
We tell thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's;
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.

THE CUMBERLAND'S CREW.

This unpretentious, and very affecting poem, which probably was written by one whose hands were hard with ramming home cartridges upon the gallant old ship, is well worthy of being often recited. It should be spoken with a strong voice, in a bold, martial tone, as if the speaker was more used to making his voice heard above the raging storm than in the still calm of a fashionable drawing-room:

Oh! shipmates, come, gather, and join in my ditty;
It's of a terrible battle that happened of late:
Let each good Union tar shed a sad tear of pity,
When he thinks of the once gallant Cumberland's fate.
The eighth day of March told a terrible story,
And many a brave tar to this world bid adieu!
Yet our Flag it was wrapt in a mantle of glory,
By the heroic deeds of the Cumberland's crew.

Oh that ill-fated day, about ten in the morning,
The sky it was clear, and bright shone the sun:
The drums of the Cumberland sounded a warning,
That told every seaman to stand by his gun.

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An iron-clad frigate down on us came bearing,
And high in the air the Rebel flag flew;
The pennant of treason she proudly was waving,
Determined to conquer the Cumberland's crew.

Then up spoke our Captain with stern resolution,
Saying: "My boys, of this monster now don't be dismayed."
We swore to maintain our beloved Constitution,
And to die for our country we are not afraid!
We fight for the Union: our cause it is glorious,
To the Stars and the Stripes we will stand ever true.
We'll sink at our quarters, or conquer victorious!
Was answered, with cheers, from the Cumberland's crew.

Now our gallant ship fired her guns' dreadful thunder,
Her broad-side, like hail, on the Rebel did pour:
The people gazed on, struck with terror and wonder:
The shots struck his sides, and glanced harmless o'er;
But the pride of our navy could never be daunted,
Tho' the dead and the wounded her deck they did strew:
And the Flag of our Union how proudly it flaunted,
Sustained by the blood of the Cumberland's crew!

Slowly they sunk beneath Virginia's waters!
Their voices on earth will ne'er be heard more.
They'll be wept by Columbia's brave sons and fair daughters!
May their blood be avenged on Virginia's shore!
In that battle-stained grave they are silently lying—
Their souls have for ever to earth bid adieu!
But the Star-Spangled Banner above them is flying—
It was nailed to the mast by the Cumberland's crew!

They fought us three hours with stern resolution,
Till those Rebels found cannon would never avail them;
For, the Flag of Secession has no power to gall them,
Tho' the blood from their scuppers it crimson'd the tide?
She struck us amidst-ship, our planks she did sever:
Her sharp iron prong pierced our noble ship through:
And still, as they sunk on that dark rolling river,
"We'll die at our guns!" cried the Cumberland's crew.

Columbia's sweet birth-right of Freedom's communion,
Thy Flag never floated so proudly before:
For the spirits of those that died for the Union,
Above its broad folds now exultingly soar!
And when our sailors in battle assemble,
God bless our dear Banner, the Red, White, Blue!
Beneath its bright Stars, we'll cause tyrants to tremble,
Or sink at our guns, like the Cumberland's crew!

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THE SAILOR BOY'S DREAM.

DIOMND.

This popular piece should be recited in an unaffected, simple, pure, and melodious manner, until the Sailor Boy is rudely awakened from his happy dream—then the action should be animated—frenzied—and the voice thrillingly loud and effective. At the end, the voice should sink into a low monody-like tone:

In slumbers of midnight the sailor boy lay,
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind;
But, watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

He dreamed of his home, of his dear native bowers,
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn;
While Memory stood sidewise, half covered with flowers,
And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.

Then Fancy, her magical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise:
Now far, far behind him the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

The jessamine clambers in flowers o'er the thatch,
And the swallow sings sweet from her nest in the wall;
All trembling with transport, he raises the latch,
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight,
His cheek is impearled with a mother's warm tear,
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast;
Joy quickens his pulse—all hardships seem o'er;
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest:
"Kind Fate, thou has blessed me; I ask for no more."

Ah! what is that flame which now bursts on his eye?
Ah! what is that sound which now larums his ear?
'Tis the lightning's red glare, painting hell on the sky!
'Tis the crashing of thunders, the groan of the sphere!

He springs from his hammock—he flies to the deck—
Amazement confronts him with images dire—
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel awreck—
The masts fly in splinters—the shrouds are on fire!

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Like mountains the billows tremendously swell—
  In vain the lost wretch calls on Mercy to save;
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
  And the death-angel flaps his broad wing o'er the wave.

O sailor boy! woe to thy dream of delight!
  In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss;
Where now is the picture that Fancy touched bright,
  Thy parents' fond pleasure, and love's honeyed kiss?

O sailor boy! sailor boy! never again
  Shall home, love, or kindred thy wishes repay;
Unblessed and unhonored, down deep in the main,
  Full many a score fathom, thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,
  Or redeem form or frame from the merciless surge;
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-sheet be,
  And winds, in the midnight of winter, thy dirge!

On beds of green sea-flowers thy limbs shall be laid;
  Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow;
Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made;
  And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years, and ages shall circle away,
  And still the vast waters above thee shall roll:
Earth loses thy pattern forever and aye:
  O sailor boy! sailor boy! peace to thy soul!

THERE'S BUT ONE PAIR OF STOCKINGS TO MEND TO-NIGHT.

Recite this in a simple unaffected manner; carefully avoiding anything like *rant*. At times the voice should sink tremulously low, as the good dame recalls memories of her departed children:

An old wife sat by her bright fireside,
  Swaying thoughtfully to and fro,
In an ancient chair whose creaky frame
  Told a tale of long ago;
While down by her side, on the kitchen floor,
Stood a basket of worsted balls—a score.

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The good man dozed o'er the latest news,
Till the light of his pipe went out,
And, unheeded, the kitten, with cunning paws,
Rolled and tangled the balls about;
Yet still sat the wife in the ancient chair,
Swaying to and fro in the fire-light glare.

But anon a misty tear-drop came
In her eye of faded blue,
Then trickled down in a furrow deep,
Like a single drop of dew;
So deep was the channel—so silent the stream—
The good man saw naught but the dimmed eye-beam.

Yet he marvelled much that the cheerful light
Of her eye had weary grown,
And marvelled he more at the tangled balls;
So he said in a gentle tone,
"I have shared thy joys since our marriage vow,
Conceal not from me thy sorrows now."

Then she spoke of the time when the basket there
Was filled to the very brim,
And how there remained of the goodly pile
But a single pair—for him.
"Then wonder not at the dimmed eye-light,
There's but one pair of stockings to mend to-night.

"I cannot but think of the busy feet,
Whose wrappings were wont to lie
In the basket, awaiting the needle's time,-
Now wandered so far away;
How the sprightly steps, to a mother dear,
Unheeded fell on the careless ear.

"For each empty nook in the basket old,
By the hearth there's a vacant seat;
And I miss the shadows from off the wall,
And the patter of many feet;
'Tis for this that a tear gathered over my sight
At the one pair of stockings to mend to-night.

"'Twas said that far through the forest wild,
And over the mountains bold,
Was a land whose rivers and darkening caves
Were gemmed with the rarest gold;
Then my first-born turned from the oaken door,
And I knew the shadows were only four.

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"Another went forth on the foaming waves
And diminished the basket's store—
But his feet grew cold—so weary and cold—
They'll never be warm any more—
And this nook, in its emptiness, seemeth to me
To give forth no voice but the moan of the sea.

"Two others have gone toward the setting sun,
And made them a home in its light,
And fairy fingers have taken their share
To mend by the fireside bright;
Some other baskets their garments fill—
But mine! Oh, mine is emptier still.

"Another—the dearest—the fairest—the best—
Was ta'en by the angels away,
And clad in a garment that waxeth not old,
In a land of continual day.
Oh! wonder no more at the dimmed eye-light,
While I mend the one pair of stockings to-night."

HOME.

MONTGOMERY.

This choice piece should be spoken in a tone expressive of mingled pride and delight; the eye kindling with pleasure, the voice full and melodious:

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth:
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air.

In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched, by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,

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Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.

Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life!
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth, be found?
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home!

GOLDEN RULES OF DAVID COPPERFIELD.

DICKENS.

The following specimen of fine English prose is here given that the speaker may accustom himself to what every public debater will often find he is frequently called upon to do —namely—to *read* extracts, resolutions, etc. Read slowly; giving to every word its due importance, and enunciating every syllable clearly and distinctly:

I feel as if it were not for me to record, even though this manuscript is intended for no eyes but mine, how hard I worked at that tremendous short-hand, and all improvement appertaining to it, in my sense of responsibility to Dora and her aunts. I will only add, to what I have already written of my perseverance at this time of my life, and of a patient and continuous energy which then began to be matured within me, and which I know to be the strong part of my character, if it have any strength at all, that there, on looking back, I find the source of my success.

I have been very fortunate in worldly matters; many men have worked much harder, and not succeeded half so well; but I never could have done what I have done, without the habits of punctuality, order, and diligence, without the determination to concentrate myself on one object at a time, no matter how quickly its successor should come upon its heels, which I then formed. Heaven knows I write this in no spirit of self-laudation.

The man who reviews his life, as I do mine, in going on here, from page to page, had need to have been a good man, indeed, if he would be spared the sharp consciousness of many talents neglected, many

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No. 10.—See Appendix.

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opportunities wasted, many erratic and perverted feelings constantly at war within his breast, and defeating him. I do not hold one natural gift, I dare say, that I have not abused. My meaning simply is, that whatever I have tried to do in life, I have tried with all my heart to do well; that whatever I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to completely; that, in great aims and in small, I have always been thoroughly in earnest.

I have never believed it possible that any natural or improved ability can claim immunity from the companionship of the steady, plain, hard-working qualities, and hope to gain its end. There is no such thing as such fulfillment on this earth. Some happy talent, and some fortunate opportunity, may form the two sides of the ladder on which some men mount; but the rounds of that ladder must be made of stuff to stand wear and tear; and there is no substitute for thorough-going, ardent, and sincere earnestness. Never to put one hand to anything, on which I could throw my whole self; and never to affect depreciation of my work, whatever it was; I find, now, to have been my golden rules.

OTHELLO'S TALE OF HIS WOOING.

SHAKESPEARE.

In this piece the speaker should assume an attitude of calm dignity—equally removed from arrogant hauteur as from timid subserviency. As Othello warms at the recital of his daring deeds and wonderful adventures his voice grows stronger, his actions bolder. Whenever he refers directly to Desdemona, a pleasant smile irradiates his features, and his tones become soft and flute-like:

Othello. As truly as to Heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.
Duke. Say it, Othello.
Oth. Her father loved me; oft invited me,
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battle, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood and field;
Of hair breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;

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Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history:
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak, such was the process;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good meaen
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively: I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore.—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
That Heaven had made her such a man: she thank'd me
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake;
She loved me for the dangers I had passed;
And I loved her, that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used.

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

This piece should be spoken in a full, deep voice, as solemn and sweet as the gravest tones of an organ:

Not a drum was heard nor a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
O'er the grave where our hero was buried.
We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning—
By the struggling moon-beam's misty light
And the lantern dimly burning.

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No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet, nor in shroud we bound him
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.
Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lowly pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread on his head,
And we far away on the billow;
Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,
But nothing he'll reck, if they'll let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock told the hour for retiring,
And we heard by the distant and random gun
That the foe was suddenly firing;
Slowly and sadly we laid him down
From the field of his fame fresh and gory,
We carved not a line—we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone in his glory.

TO THE AMERICAN UNION.

TUPPER.

This piece needs little action or gesture; but should be spoken in a clear, bold tone of voice:

Giant aggregate of nations,
Glorious whole of glorious parts,
Unto endless generations
Live united, hands and hearts!
Be it storm or summer-weather,
Peaceful-calm or battle-jar,
Stand in beauteous strength together,
Sister States, as now ye are!

Every petty class-dissension,
Heal it up as quick as thought;
Every paltry place-pretension,
Crush it, as a thing of naught:

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Let no narrow private treason
Your great onward progress bar.
But remain, in right and reason,
Sister States, as now ye are!

Fling away absurd ambition!
People, leave that toy to kings:
Envy, jealousy, suspicion,
Be above such grovelling things,
In each other joys delighted,
All your hate be—joys of war,
And by all means keep united,
Sister States, as now ye are!

Were I but some scornful stranger,
Still my counsel would be just;
Break the band, and all is danger,
Mutual fear and dark distrust:
But you know me for a brother
And a friend who speak from far;
Be as one, then, with each other.
Sister States, as now ye are!

If it seems a thing unholy
Freedom's soil by slaves to till,
Yet, be just, and sagely, slowly
Nobly, cure that ancient ill:
Slowly,—haste is fatal ever;
Nobly,—lest good faith ye mar;
Sagely,—not in wrath to sever
Sister States, as now ye are!

Charmed with your commingled beauty,
England sends the signal round,
"Every man must do his duty"
To redeem from bonds the bound
Then indeed your banner's brightness,
Shining clear from every star,
Shall proclaim your joint uprightness,
Sister States, as now ye are!

So, a peerless constellation
May those stars forever blaze!
Three-and-ten-times-threefold nation,
Go-ahead in power and praise!
Like the many-breasted goddess
Throned on her Ephesian car,
Be—one heart in many bodies!
Sister States, as now ye are!

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REPLY OF MR. PITT TO HORACE WALPOLE,

On being taunted on account of youth.

The attitude of the speaker throughout this speech should be proudly erect—as if conscious that he was fully the peer of any that listened to his harangue. As he lashes his adversary with a scourge of serpents, his curled lip and bitter invective should be in manitest contrast with his lofty bearing, as he compares himselt with his calumniator:

Sir,—The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honorable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny; but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not, sir, assume the province of determining; but surely age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail when the passions have subsided.

The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object either of abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his gray hairs should secure him from insult. Much more, sir, is he to be abhorred, who as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and become more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country.

But youth, sir, is not my only crime; I have been accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

In the first sense, sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves only to be mentioned, that it may be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though, perhaps, I may have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age, or modelled by experience.

But if any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behavior imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain; nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity intrench themselves; nor shall anything but age restrain

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my resentment,—age, which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious, without punishment.

But with regard, sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion that if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure; the heat that offended them is the ardor of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavors, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect him in his villainy, and whoever may partake of his plunder.

THE TWO WEAVERS.

HANNAH MORE.

This piece should be spoken in a simple, unaffected conversational manner; still it admits of much quiet emphasis, and subdued irony:

As at their work two weavers sat,
Beguiling time with friendly chat,
They touched upon the price of meat,
So high, a weaver scarce could eat.

"What with my brats and sickly wife,"
Quoth Dick, "I'm almost tired of life;
So hard my work, so poor my fare,
'Tis more than mortal man can bear.

"How glorious is the rich man's state
His house so fine, his wealth so great!
Heaven is unjust, you must agree;
Why all to him? Why none to me?

"In spite of what the Scripture teaches
In spite of all the parson preaches,
This world (indeed I've thought so long)
Is ruled, methinks extremely wrong.

"Where'er I look, howe'er I range,
'Tis all confused and hard and strange;
The good are troubled and oppressed,
And all the wicked are the blest."

Quoth John, "Our ignorance is the cause
Why thus we blame our Maker's laws;

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Parts of his ways alone we know;
'Tis all that man can see below.

"See'st thou that carpet, not half done,
Which thou, dear Dick, hast well begun?
Behold the wild confusion there,
So rude the mass it makes one stare!

"A stranger, ignorant of the trade,
Would say, no meaning's there conveyed;
For where's the middle? where's the border?
Thy carpet now is all disorder."

Quoth Dick, "My work is yet in bits,
But still in every part it fits;
Besides, you reason like a lout—
Why, man, that *carpet's inside out.*"

Says John, "Thou say'st the thing I mean,
And now I hope to cure thy spleen;
This world, which clouds thy soul with doubt
Is but a carpet inside out.

"As when we view these shreds and ends,
We know not what the whole intends;
So, when on earth things look but odd,
They're working still some scheme of God.

"No plan, no pattern, can we trace;
All wants proportion, truth, and grace
The motley mixture we deride,
Nor see the beauteous upper side.

"But when we reach that world of light,
And view those works of God aright,
Then shall we see the whole design,
And own the workman is divine.

"What now seem random strokes, will there
All order and design appear;
Then shall we praise what here we spurned,
For then the *carpet shall be turned.*"

"Thou'rt right," quoth Dick; "no more I'll grumble
That this sad world's so strange a jumble;
My impious doubts are put to flight,
For my own carpet sets me right."

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DESTINY OF OUR COUNTRY.

R. C. WINTHROP.

This *finale* of a very brilliant speech, should be delivered in a plain, solid and even severe style, as though the orator were uttering thoughts and conclusions as solemn and important as were ever coined into language. The voice should be rather elevated, as though the speaker meant every tone to be fully heard:

Here, then, sir, I bring these remarks to a close. I have explained, to the best of my ability, the views which I entertain of the great questions of the day. Those views may be misrepresented hereafter, as they have been heretofore; but they cannot be misunderstood by any one who desires, or who is even willing, to understand them.

Most gladly would I have found myself agreeing more entirely with some of the friends whom I see around me, and with more than one of those elsewhere, with whom I have always been proud to be associated, and whose lead, on almost all occasions, I have rejoiced to follow.

One tie, however, I am persuaded, still remains to us all—a common devotion to the Union of these States, and a common determination to sacrifice everything but principle to its preservation. Our responsibilities are indeed great. This vast republic, stretching from sea to sea, and rapidly outgrowing everything but our affections, looks anxiously to us, this day, to take care that it receives no detriment.

Nor is it too much to say, that the eyes and the hearts of the friends of constitutional freedom throughout the world are at this moment turned eagerly here,—more eagerly than ever before,—to behold an example of successful republican institutions, and to see them come out safely and triumphantly from the fiery trial to which they are now subjected!

I have the firmest faith that these eyes and these hearts will not be disappointed. I have the strongest belief that the visions and phantoms of disunion which now appall us will soon be remembered only like the clouds of some April morning, or "the dissolving views" of some evening spectacle.

I have the fullest conviction that this glorious republic is destined to outlast all, all, at either end of the Union, who may be plotting against its peace, or predicting its downfall.

"Fond, impious man! think'st thou yon sanguine cloud
Raised by thy breath, can quench the orb of day?
To-morrow, it repairs its golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray!"

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Let us proceed in the settlement of the unfortunate controversies in which we find ourselves involved, in a spirit of mutual conciliation and concession :—let us invoke fervently upon our efforts the blessings of that Almighty Being who is " the author of peace and the lover of concord :"—and we shall still find order springing out of confusion, harmony evoked from discord, and peace, union and liberty, once more re-assured to our land!

WEDDED LOVE'S FIRST HOME.

JAMES HALL.

Every line of this little poem, should be given as if each tone expressed the acme of happiness; even the absent are hardly mourned, so sweet are the recollections :

'Twas far beyond yon mountains, dear, we plighted vows of love,
The ocean-wave was at our feet, the autumn sky above;
The pebbly shore was covered o'er with many a varied shell,
And on the billow's curling spray the sunbeams glittering fell.
The storm has vexed that billow oft, and oft that sun has set,
But plighted love remains with us, in peace and lustre yet.

I wiled thee to a lonely haunt, that bashful love might speak
Where none could hear what love revealed, or see the crimson cheek;
The shore was all deserted, and we wandered there alone,
And not a human step impressed the sand-beach but our own.
Thy footsteps all have vanished from the billow-beaten strand;
The vows we breathed remain with us—they were not traced in sand.

Far, far we left the sea-girt shore, endeared by childhood's dream,
To seek the humble cot that smiled by fair Ohio's stream;
In vain the mountain cliff opposed, the mountain torrent roared,
For love unfurled her silken wing, and o'er each barrier soared;
And many a wide domain we passed, and many an ample dome,
But none so blessed, so dear to us, as wedded love's first home.

Beyond those mountains now are all that e'er we loved or knew,
The long-remembered many, and the dearly-cherished few:
The home of her we value, and the grave of him we mourn,
Are there;—and there is all the past to which the heart can turn:
But dearer scenes surround us here, and lovelier joys we trace,
For here is wedded love's first home, its hallowed resting-place.

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ADDRESS TO A MUMMY.

HORACE SMITH.

Nearly every verse of this poem admits, indeed calls for, a change of manner, tone, and gesture; the meaning is so obvious as to instantly suggest the mode of elocution befitting the idea expressed:

And thou hast walked about (how strange a story!)
In Thebes's streets, three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous!

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dummy;
Thou hast a tongue, come, let us hear its tune;
Thou'rt standing on thy legs above ground, mummy!
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon;
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones and flesh and limbs and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—
To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame?
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name?
Is Pompey's pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden
By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade;
Then say, what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played?
Perhaps thou wert a priest—if so, my struggles
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass;
Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass,
Or held by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled,
For thou wert dead and buried and embalmed,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

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No. 11.—See Appendix.

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Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations:
The Roman empire has begun and ended;
New worlds have risen; we have lost old nations,
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
Whilst not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
And shook the Pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
The nature of thy private life unfold:
A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusky cheek have rolled!
Have children climbed those knees and kissed that face
What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh! immortal of the dead!
Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within our presence!
Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning!

Why should this worthless tegument endure
If its undying guest be lost for ever?
O, let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
In living virtue, that, when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

NO SUBMISSION.

This brief stanza affords a fine example for rapid and forceful utterance:

A breath of submission we breathe not,
The sword that we've drawn we will sheathe not;
Its scabbard is left where our martyrs are laid,
And the vengeance of ages has whetted its blade.
Earth may hide, waves engulph, fire consume us
But they shall not to slavery doom us;
If they rule, it shall be o'er our ashes and graves:—
But we've smote them already with fire on the waves
And new triumphs on land are before us.
To the charge! Heaven's banner is o'er us.

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APOSTROPHE TO NIGHT.

YOUNG.

Slowly, reverently, as if deeply impressed by the angust and solemn nature of the subject, should these lines be spoken. There should but little action accompany the delivery of the language:

O majestic night!
Nature's great ancestor! Day's elder born!
And fated to survive the transient sun!
By mortals and immortals seen with awe!
A starry crown thy raven brow adorns,
An azure zone thy waist: clouds, in heaven's loom
Wrought through varieties of shape and shade,
In ample folds of drapery divine,
Thy flowing mantle form, and, heaven throughout,
Voluminously pour thy pompous train:
Thy gloomy grandeurs—Nature's most august
Inspiring aspect!—claim a grateful verse,
And like a sable curtain starred with gold,
Drawn o'er my labors past, shall clothe the scene.

* * * * * *

Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.
Silence how dead! and darkness how profound!
Nor eye, nor listening ear an object finds.
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause;
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be soon fulfilled:
Fate! drop the curtain; I can lose no more.

THE AMERICAN PATRIOT'S SONG.

Deliver this in a bold, exultant tone of voice, with free, liberal gesticulation and action:

Hark! hear ye the sound that the winds on their pinions
Exultingly roll from the shore to the sea,
With a voice that resounds through her boundless dominions?
'Tis Columbia calls on her sons to be free!

Behold, on yon summits where Heaven has throned her,
How she starts from her proud, inaccessible seat;

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Behold, on yon summits where Heaven has throned her,
How she starts from her proud, inaccessible seat;
With Nature's impregnable ramparts around her,
And the cataract's thunder and foam at her feet!

In the breeze of the mountains her loose locks are shaken,
While the soul-stirring notes of her warrior-song
From the rock to the valley re-echo, "Awaken,
Awaken, ye hearts that have slumbered too long!"

Yes, Despots! too long did your tyranny hold us
In a vassalage vile, ere its weakness was known;
Till we learned that the links of the chain that controlled us
Were forged by the fears of its captives alone.

That spell is destroyed, and no longer availing,
Despised as detested—pause well ere ye dare
To cope with a people whose spirits and feeling
Are aroused by remembrance and steeled by despair.

Go tame the wild torrent, or stem with a straw
The proud surges that sweep o'er the strand that confines them;
But presume not again to give freemen a law,
Nor think with the chains they have broken to bind them.

To hearts that the spirit of Liberty flushes,
Resistance is idle, and numbers a dream;
They burst from control, as the mountain-stream rushes
From its fetters of ice, in the warmth of the beam.

THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

SAMUEL FERGUSON.

This fine poem is full of points for brilliant declamation; at times there should be a flow of rapid narration, rising frequently into shouts of exultation:

Come, see the good ship's anchor forged—'tis at a white heat now:
The bellows ceased. the flames decreased—though on the forge's brow
The little flames still fitfully play through the sable mound,
And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking round;
All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands only bare—
Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windlass there.

The windlass strains the tackle chains, the black mound heaves below,
And red and deep a hundred veins burst out at every throe:

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It rises, roars, rends all outright—O, Vulcan, what a glow!
'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright—the high sun shines not so!
The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fiery fearful show;
The roof-ribs swart, the candent hearth, the ruddy lurid row
Of smiths that stand, an ardent band, like men before the foe
As, quivering through his fleece of flame, the sailing-monster slow
Sinks on the anvil—all about the faces fiery grow.

"Hurrah!" they shout, "leap out—leap out;" bang, bang the sledges go;
Hurrah! the jetted lightnings are hissing high and low—
A hailing fount of fire is struck at every quashing blow;
The leathern mail rebounds the hail, the rattling cinders strow
The ground around: at every bound the sweltering fountains flow,
And thick and loud the swinking crowd at every stroke pant "Ho!"

Leap out, leap out, my masters; leap out and lay on load!
Let's forge a goodly anchor—a bower thick and broad;
For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode,
And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous road—
The low reef roaring on her lee—the roll of ocean poured
From stem to stern, sea after sea; the mainmast by the board;
The bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the boats stove at the chains!
But courage still, brave mariners—the bower yet remains!
And not an inch to flinch he deigns, save when ye pitch sky-high;
Then moves his head, as though he said, "Fear nothing—here am I."

Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and hand keep time;
Your blows make sweeter music far than any steeple's chime.
But while you sling your sledges, sing—and let the burden be,
"The anchor is the anvil king, and royal craftsmen we!"
Strike in, strike in—the sparks begin to dull their rustling red;
Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will soon be sped.

Our anchor must soon change his bed of fiery rich array,
For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch of clay;
Our anchor must soon change the lay of merry craftsmen here,
For the "Yeo-heave-o'!" and the "Heave-away!" and the sighing seaman's cheer;
When, weighing slow, at eve they go—far, far from love and home;
And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the ocean foam.

In livid and obdurate gloom he darkens down at last;
A shapely one he is, and strong, as e'er from cat was cast.
O, trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life like me,
What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the deep green sea!

O, broad-armed diver of the deep, whose sports can equal thine?
The good ship weighs a thousand tons, that tugs thy cable line;

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And, night by night, 'tis thy delight, thy glory day by day,
Through sable sea and breaker white, the giant game to play.
O, lodger in the sea-king's halls, couldst thou but understand
Whose be the white bones by thy side, once leagued in patriot band!
O, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger steps round thee,
Thine iron side would swell with pride; thou'dst leap within the sea!

Give honor to their memories who left the pleasant strand,
To shed their blood so freely for love of father-land—
Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy church-yard grave
So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing wave—
O, though our anchor may not be all I have fondly sung,
Honor him for their memory, whose bones he goes among!

A SHIP DRIVEN OUT OF ITS COURSE.

FALCONER.

In the outset this piece should be delivered without any extraordinary action, or much elevation of voice, but as the ship's peril becomes more apparent, the action and gestures should become more impassioned and rapid:

As yet amid this elemental war,
That scatters desolation from afar,
Nor toil, nor hazard, nor distress, appear
To sink the seamen with unmanly fear.
Though their firm hearts no pageant honor boast
They scorn the wretch that trembles in his post;
Who from the face of danger strives to turn,
Indignant from the social hour they spurn.

Though now full oft they felt the raging tide
In proud rebellion climb the vessel's side,
No future ills unknown their souls appall;
They know no danger, or they scorn it all!
But even the generous spirits of the brave,
Subdued by toil, a friendly respite crave;
A short repose alone their thoughts implore,
Their harassed powers by slumber to restore.

Far other cares the master's mind employ,
Approaching perils all his hopes destroy.
In vain he spreads the graduated chart,
And bounds the distance by the rules of art;

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In vain athwart the mimic seas expands
The compasses to circumjacent lands,
Ungrateful task! for no asylum traced,
A passage opened from the watery waste.

Fate seemed to guard with adamantine mound
The path to every friendly port around.
While Albert thus, with secret doubts dismayed,
The geometric distances surveyed;
On deck the watchful Rodmond cries aloud,
Secure your lives—grasp every man a shroud.
Roused from his trance, he mounts with eyes aghast,
When o'er the ship, in indulation vast,
A giant surge down-rushes from on high,
And fore and aft dissevered ruins lie.

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

MRS. NORTON.

Commence in a firm, but not loud voice, giving a full swing to the beautiful rhythm of the lines. As the dying soldier recalls his mother, his sister, and "another, not a sister," the voice should grow tremulous, and there should be a perceptible quiver in it:

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers;
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed away,
And bent with pitying glances to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said: "I never more shall see my own native land;
Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine.
For I was born at Bingen—at Bingen on the Rhine.

Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done,
Full many a corpse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun;
And 'midst the dead and dying were some grown old in wars,
The death-wound on their gallant breasts the last of many scars;
But some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline.
And one had come from Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

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Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age;
And I was, aye, a truant bird that thought his home a cage;
For my father was a soldier and even as a child,
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild.
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would—but kept my father's sword,
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine,
On the cottage wall at Bingen—dear Bingen on the Rhine.

Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops are marching home again, with glad and gallant tread;
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to die;
And if a comrade seek her love, ask her, in my name,
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame,
And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and mine),
For the honor of old Bingen—dear Bingen on the Rhine.

There's another, not a sister, in the happy days gone by,
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry—too fond for idle scorning—
Oh! friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning!
Tell her that the last night of my life,—for ere this moon be risen,
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison—
I dreamt I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

I saw the blue Rhine sweep along, I heard, or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
That echoing chorus sounded through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed with friendly talk
Down many a path beloved of yore and well-remembered walk;
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine,
But we'll meet no more at Bingen—loved Bingen on the Rhine!"

His voice grew faint and hoarser, his grasp was childish weak—
His eyes put on a dying look, he sighed, and ceased to speak—
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life was fled,
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strewn;
Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine
As it shone on distant Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

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PICTURE OF DOMESTIC LOVE.

CAMPBELL.

This piece calls for no loud declamation—no straining of the voice, but should be recited with a quiet gracefulness—in harmony with the theme:

Thy pencil traces on the lover's thought
Some cottage-home, from towns and toil remote,
Where love and lore may claim alternate hours,
With peace embosomed in Idalian bowers!
Remote from busy life's bewildered way,
O'er all his heart shall Taste and Beauty sway,
Free on the sunny slope or winding shore
With hermit-steps to wander and adore!
There shall he love, when genial morn appears,
Like pensive Beauty smiling in her tears,
To watch the brightening roses of the sky,
And muse on Nature with a poet's eye!

And when the sun's last splendor lights the deep,
The woods and waves and murmuring winds asleep,
When fairy harps the Hesperian planet hail,
And the lone cuckoo sighs along the vale,
His path shall be where streamy mountains swell
Their shadowy grandeur o'er the narrow dell;
Where mouldering piles and forests intervene,
Mingling with darker tints the living green;
No circling hills his ravished eye to bound,
Heaven, earth, and ocean, blazing all around.

The moon is up—the watch-tower dimly burns—
And down the vale his sober step returns,
But pauses oft as winding rocks convey
The still sweet fall of music far away;
And oft he lingers from his home awhile,
To watch the dying notes, and start, and smile!

Let winter come! let polar spirits sweep
The darkening world, and tempest-troubled deep;
Though boundless snows the withered heath deform,
And the dim sun scarce wanders through the storm,
Yet shall the smile of social love repay,
With mental light, the melancholy day!
And when it's short and sullen noon is o'er,
The ice-chained waters slumbering on the shore,
How bright the faggots in his little hall
Blaze on the hearth, and warm the pictured wall!

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How blest he names, in love's familiar tone,
The kind fair friend by nature marked his own;
And, in the waveless mirror of his mind,
Views the fleet years of pleasure left behind,
Since when her empire o'er his heart began,
Since first he called her his before the holy man!

Trim the gay taper in his rustic dome,
And light the wintry paradise of home;
And let the half-uncurtained window hail
Some way-worn man benighted in the vale!
Now, while the moaning night-wind rages high,
As sweep the shot-stars down the troubled sky;
While fiery hosts in heaven's wide circle play,
And bathe in lurid light the milky way;
Safe from the storm, the meteor, and the shower,
Some pleasing page shall charm the solemn hour;
With pathos shall command, with wit beguile
A generous tear of anguish, or a smile!

LUCY GRAY.

WORDSWORTH.

Should be spoken in a natural, medium tone. Any display of forced or high utterance would be out of place in this simple and beautiful ballad:

No mate, no comrade, Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wide moor;
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a cottage door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night,
You to the town must go;
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow."

"That, father, I will gladly do;
'Tis scarcely afternoon—
The minster clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon."

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At this the father raised his hook,
And snapped a faggot band;
He plied his work, and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe—
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time,
She wandered up and down,
And many a hill did Lucy climb,
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on a hill they stood,
That overlooked the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from the door.

They wept, and, turning homeward, cried,
"In heaven we all shall meet,"—
When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Half breathless, from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the footmarks small;
And through the broken hawthorne hedge,
And by the long stone wall;

And then an open field they crossed—
The marks were still the same;
They track them on, nor ever lost,
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank—
And further there were none!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

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No. 12.—See Appendix.

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THE UNION.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

This speech should be delivered in a severe, lofty, grandly eloquent style. The speaker should look and act as though impressed by the magnificence of the theme:

And now, Mr. President, I draw these observations to a close. I have spoken freely, and I meant to do so. I have sought to make no display; I have sought to enliven the occasion by no animated discussion, nor have I attempted any train of elaborate argument. I have wished only to speak my sentiments fully and at large, being desirous once and for all to let the senate know, and to let the country know, the opinions and sentiments which I entertain on all these subjects.

These opinions are not likely to be suddenly changed. If there be any future service that I can render to the country, consistently with these sentiments and opinions, I shall cheerfully render it. If there be not, I shall still be glad to have had an opportunity to disburden my conscience from the bottom of my heart, and to make known every political sentiment that therein exists.

And now, Mr. President, instead of speaking of the possibility or utility of secession, instead of dwelling in these caverns of darkness, instead of groping with those ideas so full of all that is horrid and horrible, let us come out into the light of day; let us enjoy the fresh air of Liberty and Union; let us cherish those hopes which belong to us; let us devote ourselves to those great objects that are fit for our consideration and our action; let us raise our conceptions to the magnitude and the importance of the duties that devolve upon us; let our comprehension be as broad as the country for which we act, our aspirations as high as its certain destiny; let us not be pigmies in a case that calls for men.

Never did there devolve on any generation of men higher trusts than now devolve upon us, for the preservation of this constitution, and the harmony and peace of all who are destined to live under it. Let us make our generation one of the strongest and brightest links in that golden chain, which is destined, I fondly believe, to grapple the people of all the states to this constitution, for ages to come.

We have a great, popular, constitutional government, guarded by law and by judicature, and defended by the whole affections of the people. No monarchical throne presses these states together; no iron chain of military power encircles them; they live and stand upon a government popular in its form, representative in its character, founded upon principles of equality, and so constructed, we hope, as to last forever.

In all its history it has been beneficent: it has trodden down no

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man's liberty; it has crushed no state. Its daily respiration is liberty and patriotism; its yet youthful veins are full of enterprise, courage, and honorable love of glory and renown. Large before, the country has now, by recent events, becomes vastly larger.

This republic now extends, with a vast breadth, across the whole continent. The two great seas of the world wash the one and the other shore. We realize, on a mighty scale, the beautiful description of the ornamental edging of the buckler of Achilles—

> "Now the broad shield complete, the artist crowned
> With his last hand, and poured the ocean round;
> In living silver seemed the waves to roll,
> And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole."

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

W. C. BRYANT.

This piece should be recited in a rather low tone, in a sweet, soft, almost dirge-like manner:

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sear.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the withered leaves lie dead·
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrub the jay,
And from the wood-top caws the crow, through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprung and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves; the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie; but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the wild-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook, in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home,

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When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers, whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side:
In the cold, moist earth we laid her when the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief;
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

MORRIS.

After once reading this sweet little poem, the student will need no prompting to teach him that it is not possible for him to deliver it with too much genuine emotion:

This book is all that's left me now!
Tears will unbidden start, —
With faltering lip and throbbing brow,
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past,
Here is our family tree;
My mother's hand this Bible clasped;
She, dying, gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those
Whose names those records bear,
Who round the hearthstone used to close
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still!

My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who learned God's word to hear.
Her angel-face—I see it yet!
What thronging memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home!

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Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
Where all were false I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasure give
That could this volume buy:
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

THE RESULTS OF MISDIRECTED AND GUILTY AMBITION.

ADAM SMITH.

While this instructive article does not call for any dramatic declamation, its meaning can be vastly improved by careful and judicious expression. It should first be silently read to gain its points:

To attain to this envied situation, the candidates for fortune too frequently abandon the paths of virtue; for, unhappily, the road which leads to the one, and that which leads to the other, lie sometimes in opposite directions.

But the ambitious man flatters himself that, in the splendid situation to which he advances, he will have so many means of commanding the respect and admiration of mankind, and will be enabled to act with such superior propriety and grace, that the lustre of his future conduct will entirely cover or efface the foulness of the steps by which he arrived at that elevation.

In many governments the candidates for the highest stations are above the law, and if they can attain the object of their ambition, they have no fear of being called to account for the means by which they acquired it. They often endeavor, therefore not only by fraud and falsehood, the ordinary and vulgar arts of intrigue and cabal, but sometimes by the perpetration of the most enormous crimes, by murder and assassination, by rebellion and civil war, to supplant and destroy those who oppose or stand in the way of their greatness.

They more frequently miscarry than succeed, and commonly gain nothing but the disgraceful punishment which is due to their crimes. But though they should be so lucky as to attain that wished-for greatness, they are always most miserably disappointed in the happiness which they expect to enjoy in it.

It is not ease or pleasure, but always honor, of one kind or another, though frequently an honor very ill understood, that the ambitious man really pursues. But the honor of his exalted station appears, both in his own eyes and in those of other people, pol-

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luted and defiled by the baseness of the means through which he rose to it.

Though by the profusion of every liberal expense, though by excessive indulgence in every profligate pleasure,—the wretched but usual resource of ruined characters,—though by the hurry of public business, or by the prouder and more dazzling tumult of war, he may endeavor to efface, both from his own memory and from that of other people, the remembrance of what he has done, that remembrance never fails to pursue him.

He invokes in vain the dark and dismal powers of forgetfulness and oblivion. He remembers himself what he has done, and that remembrance tells him that other people must likewise remember it.

Amidst all the gaudy pomp of the most ostentatious greatness, amidst the venal and vile adulation of the great and of the learned, amidst the more innocent though more foolish acclamations of the common people, amidst all the pride of conquest and the triumph of successful war, he is still secretly pursued by the avenging furies of shame and remorse; and while glory seems to surround him on all sides, he himself, in his own imagination, sees black and foul infamy fast pursuing him, and every moment ready to overtake him from behind.

DIONYSIUS, PYTHIAS AND DAMON.

Few dialogues afford better opportunity for practice than this excellent one. The speaker should endeavor to personify (put himself in his place) each individual, and try to fully realize the meaning of every word:

Dionysius. Amazing! what do I see? It is Pythias just arrived —it is, indeed, Pythias. I did not think it possible. He is come to die, and to redeem his friend!

Pythias. Yes, it is Pythias. I left the place of my confinement with no other views than to pay to Heaven the vows I had made; to settle my family concerns according to the rules of justice; and to bid adieu to my children that I might die tranquil and satisfied.

Dionysius. But why dost thou return? Hast thou no fear of death? Is it not mad, then, to seek it?

Pythias. I return to suffer, though I do not deserve death. Honor forbids me to leave my friend to die for me.

Dionysius. Dost thou, then, love him better than thyself?

Pythias. No, I love him as myself; but I know I ought to suffer death rather than my friend, since it was I whom thou hadst decreed to die. It were not just that Damon should suffer, to free me from that death which was not for him, but for me only.

Dionysius. But thou sayest that it is as unjust to inflict death upon thee as upon thy friend.

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Pythias. Very true; we are both innocent, and it is equally unjust to make either of us suffer.

Dionysius. Why dost thou, then, say that it were wrong to put him to death instead of thee?

Pythias. It is unjust in the same degree to inflict death either on Damon or on myself; but I should be highly culpable to let Damon suffer that death which the tyrant had prepared for me only.

Dionysius. Dost thou return hither to-day with no other view than to save the life of thy friend, by losing thy own?

Pythias. I return, in regard to thee, to suffer a death which it is common for tyrants to inflict; and, with respect to Damon, to perform my duty by freeing him from the danger which he incurred by his kindness to me.

Dionysius. And now, Damon, let me speak to thee. Didst thou not really fear that Pythias would never return, and that thou wouldst be put to death for him?

Damon. I was but too well assured that Pythias would return; and that he would be more anxious to keep his promise than to save his life. Would to heaven that his relations and friends had detained him by force! He would then have lived for the comfort and benefit of good men; and I should then have the satisfaction of dying for him.

Dionysius. What! art thou not fond of life?

Damon. No; I am not, when I see and feel the power of a tyrant.

Dionysius. It is well! Thou shalt see him no more; I will order thee to be put to death.

Pythias. Pardon the feelings of Damon—of a man who feels for his dying friend; but remember it was I who was devoted by thee to death. I come to submit to it, that I may redeem my friend. Do not refuse me this comfort in my last hour.

Dionysius. I cannot endure men who despise death and defy my power.

Damon. Thou canst not endure virtue.

Dionysius. No; I cannot endure that proud, disdainful virtue, which contemns life, which dreads not pain, and which feels not the charms of riches and pleasure.

Damon. Thou seest, however, that it is a virtue which feels the dictates of honor, justice, and friendship.

Dionysius. Guards, take Pythias to execution. We shall see whether Damon will still despise my authority.

Damon. Pythias, by returning to submit himself to thy pleasure, has merited his life, and deserved thy favor, but I have excited thy indignation, by placing myself in thy power in order to save him. Be satisfied, then, with this sacrifice, and put me to death.

Pythias. Hold, Dionysius; remember it was I alone that offended thee; Damon could not.

Dionysius. Alas! what do I see and hear? Where am I? How miserable; and how worthy to be so! I have hitherto

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known nothing of true virtue. I have spent my life in darkness and error. Not all my power and honors are sufficient to produce love. I cannot boast of having gained a single friend in the course of a reign of thirty years, and yet these two persons, in private life, love one another tenderly, fully confide in each other, are mutually happy and ready to die for each other's preservation.

Pythias. How couldst thou, who hast never loved any person, expect to have friends? If thou hadst loved and respected men, thou wouldst have secured their love and respect. Thou hast feared and oppressed mankind, and they both fear and detest thee.

Dionysius. Damon, Pythias, condescend to admit me as a third friend in a connection so perfect. I give you your lives, and I will load you with riches.

Damon. We have no desire to be enriched by thee; and as to thy friendship, we cannot accept or enjoy it till thou become good and just. Without these qualities, thou canst be connected with none but trembling slaves and base flatterers. To be loved and esteemed by men of free and generous minds, thou must be virtuous, kind, just, and know how to live on a sort of equality with those who share and deserve thy friendship.

INSCRIPTION ON THE MONUMENT OF A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

BYRON.

In this short poem there are lines calling for the expression of regret, scôrn, contempt and pity:

When some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
And storied urns record who rests below;
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
Not what he was, but what he should have been:
But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,
Unhonor'd falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth:
While man, vain insect! hopes to be forgiven,
And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.
Oh man! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
Debased by slavery, or corrupt by power,
Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust,
Degraded mass of animated dust!

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Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit!
By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame
Ye! who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on—it honors none you wish to mourn:
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise;
I never knew but one,—and here he lies.

THE LION-SLAYER.

This narrative admits of much variety of intonation, gesture, and even action. At first, when Gerard's early life is described, the voice should be used in a plain monotone, but afterward it may sink almost to a whisper when telling of the preparations for the conflict, and the stealthy approach of the lion; while victory and rejoicings naturally suggest a higher tone, and more rapid and joyous expression:

Julius Gerard was born in France. In 1842, he joined the French army in Algiers, as a volunteer. He was fond of hunting, and occasionally went on shooting excursions in the neighborhood of Bona, for this region abounded in quails, partridges, waterfowl, hares, rabbits, foxes, antelopes, jackalls and wild boars. The soldiers did not generally venture far from the town for fear of the Arabs, who were yet unconquered, and also from dread of panthers and lions and flies, for the heights of Algiers are infested by swarms of green flies, which fix themselves by myriads on the bodies of men and animals, and worry them to death.

This kind of life was too inglorious for Gerard, and he obtained an appointment to go to Guelma, near Mount Atlas, where he distinguished himself in battle. Gerard had heard that an old lion from the Atlas mountains, was ravaging the country in that region, and had destroyed innumerable victims, men as well as cattle. The whole population was in despair. Gerard offered to kill the lion for them.

Taking his dog with him, he crossed the vast plains of Guelma, which abound in a rich and luxuriant growth of plants. Having examined the regions the lion had devastated, and made himself familiar with the localities, he calmly awaited the return of night.

The hour of the evening watch has sounded. Refreshments circulate in the hospitable tent where are assembled the elders of the tribe of Arabs resident there. And to stimulate the courage of Gerard, who was their guest, one of the most gifted of the natives chants a long ballad in honor of the famous lion-snarer, Arsenne.

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Having lighted his pipe, Gerard took leave of his entertainers, and set forth towards the woody ravines. During the entire summer night he explored the district in vain. The next evening he was still on his daring search. At about eight o'clock the terrific howling of a lion, repeated again and again by the echo, was heard to issue from a neighboring ravine. At the dread sound all things seem to tremble, and all animals, both wild and tame, fled away and hid themselves from the king of beasts.

Gerard was impatient to meet his foe. He pressed towards him, and, removing the branches, his eye eagerly attempted to penetrate the gloom. The watchful dog followed his master's eye, and suddenly crouched at his feet, without uttering so much as a cry of terror. Fear had palsied his voice.

There stood one of the largest and fiercest of the lions of North Africa. It was a terrible sight! His shaggy mane floating in the wind, his eyes seemed to shoot fire, and his mouth was reeking with blood.

He had planted himself within twenty paces of Gerard, whose pulse throbbed—not with fear, but with joy at having reached the crisis of his enterprise, and finding himself face to face with the enemy he had been seeking.

The lion saw his antagonist, who seemed to him an easy and certain prey, so often had he killed men in his midnight depredations. Profiting by the few seconds during which the monster stood glaring at him, Gerard schooled himself to sustain his flashing eye without quailing. Then, bringing his weapon cautiously to his shoulder, he grasped it firmly. His body was slightly inclined forward, resting on limbs as immovable as buttresses of masonry.

He pauses a moment to steady his aim. If it fail, the monster will be upon him before he can reload. Life and death are at issue upon that single shot. Now he is ready. His finger presses the trigger. An explosion, of sweeter melody to his ear than strains of softest music, shows that the trusty weapon has not failed. Stricken exactly between the two eyes, the huge beast shakes the earth with a convulsive bound; and as the volume of smoke clears away, Gerard contemplates his victim gasping out his latest breath at his feet.

As the news spread that the lion was dead, men, women and children filled the air with shouts of joy. The traces of their despair and misery passed away. Torches were burned; guns were fired as the signal for a feast. Wheaten puddings, light beer and biscuits circulated freely round. Discordant flourishes of native music, songs and dances, made up an Arabian festival, full of spirit and originality.

The entire population poured forth along the path to the dead lion, their torches shining like a long riband of flame; and soon, illumined by the reflection of a thousand torches, the monster was

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seen stretched out motionless on the earth. He measured seventeen feet in length, and a thick, curly and knotted mane veiled half of his huge form.

One instant kept silent by astonishment, the delirious joy of the multitude quickly found vent in shouts that rent the air. A thousand voices joined in one, like the voice of a thousand grains of powder uniting in the report of a cannon, hailed Gerard as the Lion-Slayer.

Such was his first exploit in a career which has since gained this young Frenchman such renown. The fame of his prowess quickly spread abroad, and numerous applications were made to him for succor from districts ravaged by lions. These he has again and again accepted, and always with complete success.

There is, it must be recollected, a very essential difference between such exploits as those of Gerard and the killing of animals for sport. The defence of society against beasts of prey is a duty, and when we see the habitations of peaceful families invaded by such monsters, who have left the forest to search for prey,—their flocks ravaged, and their children destroyed,—we should be thankful that there are men endowed with courage and presence of mind to become the deliverers of a neighborhood from such fearful intruders.

Julius Gerard may indeed be honored as a hero, for his intrepidity has freed many a village from a terrible scourge. And the very qualities which made him a hero, and fitted him to do battle with fierce lions, would make him disdain to inflict pain, or hurt, or death, on any of God's harmless creatures.

FARE THEE WELL.

BYRON.

In this beautiful poem—addressed by Byron to his wife—there is full scope for a portrayal of love, sorrow, tenderness and bitter sorrow:

Fare thee well! and if for ever,
Still, for ever, fare thee well:
Even though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before thee
Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee
Which thou ne'er canst know again:

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No. 13.—See Appendix.

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Would that breast, by thee glanced over,
Every inmost thought could show!
Then thou wouldst at last discover
'Twas not well to spurn it so.

Though the world for this commend thee—
Though it smile upon the blow,
Even its praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's woe:

Though my many faults defaced me,
Could no other arm be found,
Than the one which once embraced me,
To inflict a cureless wound?

Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not;
Love may sink by slow decay,
But by sudden wrench, believe not
Hearts can thus be torn away:

Still thine own its life retaineth,
Still must mine, though bleeding, beat;
And the undying thought which paineth
Is—that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow
Than the wail above the dead;
Both shall live, but every morrow
Wake us from a widow'd bed.

And when thou wouldst solace gather,
When our child's first accents flow,
Wilt thou teach her to say 'Father!'
Though his care she must forego?

When her little hand shall press thee,
When her lip to thine is press'd,
Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee,
Think of him thy love had bless'd!

Should her lineaments resemble
Those thou never more mayst see,
Then thy heart will softly tremble
With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults perchance thou knowest,
All my madness none can know;
All my hopes, where'er thou goest,
Wither, yet with *thee* they go.

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Every feeling hath been shaken;
Pride, which not a world could bow,
Bows to thee—by thee forsaken,
Even my soul forsakes me now:

But 'tis done—all words are idle—
Words from me are vainer still;
But the thoughts we cannot bridle
Force their way without the will.

Fare thee well! thus disunited,
Torn from every nearer tie,
Sear'd in heart, and lone, and blighted,
More than this I scarce can die.

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS.

W. C. BRYANT.

This piece should be give in a free, full voice, as if uttered by brave young soldiers, conscious of their own courage, and relying in the justice of their cause:

Here we halt our march, and pitch our tent
On the rugged forest ground,
And light our fire with the branches rent
By winds from the beeches round.
Wild storms have torn this ancient wood,
But a wilder is at hand,
With hail of iron and rain of blood,
To sweep and waste the land.

How the dark wood rings with voices shrill,
That startle the sleeping bird;
To-morrow eve must the voice be still,
And the step must fall unheard.
The Briton lies by the blue Champlain,
In Ticonderoga's towers,
And ere the sun rise twice again,
Must they and the lake be ours.

Fill up the bowl from the brook that glides
Where the fire-flies light the brake;
A ruddier juice the Briton hides
In his fortress by the lake.
Build high the fire, till the panther leap
From his lofty perch in flight,
And we'll strengthen our weary arms with sleep,
For the deeds of to-morrow night.

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THE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL.

WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

This piece, instinct with genius and patriotism, although written as a song, will furnish the student some matchless stanzas for declamation. The first few lines are plain narration—but as the old soldier recalls the field, baptized by the sacred blood of Warren, he warms with the inspiring theme, and pours forth the heroic words with rapid utterance:

He lay upon his dying bed,
His eye was growing dim,
When with a feeble voice he called
His weeping son to him;
Weep not, my boy, the veteran said,
I bow to Heaven's high will,
But quickly from yon antlers bring
The Sword of Bunker Hill.

The sword was brought, the soldier's eye
Lit with a sudden flame;
And as he grasped the ancient blade,
He murmured Warren's name;
Then said:—My boy I leave you gold,
But what is richer still:
I'll leave you, mark me, mark me, now,
The Sword of Bunker Hill.

'Twas on that dread, immortal day,
I dared the Briton's band,
A Captain raised his blade on me,
I tore it from his hand:
And while the glorious battle raged,
It lightened Freedom's will:
For, boy, the God of Freedom blessed
The Sword of Bunker Hill.

Oh! keep the sword—his accents broke,
A smile, and he was dead.
But his wrinkled hand still grasped the blade,
Upon his dying bed.
The son remains, the sword remains,
Its glories growing still,
And twenty millions bless the sire
And Sword of Bunker Hill.

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SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

BRYANT.

To be spoken in a clear, resonant, bold manly voice; with an erect carriage, fearless gestures, and bold attitude:

Our band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Our tent the cypress-tree;
We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea.
We know its wall of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery
That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear:
When, waking to their tents on fire,
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again;
And they who fly in terror deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil:
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads—
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.

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'Tis life to guide the fiery barb
Across the moonlight plain;
'Tis life to feel the night-wind
That lifts his tossing mane.
A moment in the British camp—
A moment—and away
Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs,
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band
With kindliest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton,
For ever, from our shore.

THE CORSAIR.

BYRON.

The following lines should be delivered with a full, round voice, as of one exulting over the high spirits and sense of freedom imparted by "walking the waters like a thing of life:"

O'er the glad waters of the dark-blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire and behold our home!
These are our realms, no limits to their sway—
Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey.
Ours the wild life in tumult still to range
From toil to rest, and joy in every change.
Oh, who can tell? not thou, luxurious slave!
Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave;
Not thou, vain lord of wantonness and ease!
Whom slumber soothes not—pleasure cannot please
Oh, who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried,
And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,
The exulting sense—the pulse's maddening play,
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way?

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That for itself can woo the approaching fight,
And turn what some deem danger to delight;
That seeks what cravens shun with more than zeal,
And where the feebler faint—can only feel—
Feel—to the rising bosom's inmost core,
Its hope awaken and its spirit soar?
No dread of death—if with us die our foes—
Save that it seems even duller than repose:
Come when it will—we snatch the life of life—
When lost—what recks it—by disease or strife?
Let him who crawls enamor'd of decay,
Cling to his couch and sicken years away;
Heave his thick breath, and shake his palsied head;
Ours—the fresh turf, and not the feverish bed.
While gasp by gasp he falters forth his soul,
Ours with one pang—one bound—escapes control.
His corse may boast its urn and narrow cave,
And they who loathed his life may gild his grave;
Ours are the tears, though few, sincerely shed,
When Ocean shrouds and sepulchres our dead.
For us, even banquets fond regret supply
In the red cup that crowns our memory.
And the brief epitaph in danger's day,
When those who win at length divide the prey,
And cry, Remembrance saddening o'er each brow,
"How had the brave who fell exulted *now!*"

ADDRESS TO INDEPENDENCE.

We have printed this piece as prose—not measuring it off into metrical lines, that the reader may see how naturally the rhythm forms itself upon the tongue:

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share. Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye! thy steps I follow with my bosom bare, nor heed the storm that howls along the sky. Thou, guardian genius, thou didst teach my youth pomp and her tinsel livery to despise; my lips, by thee chastised to early truth, ne'er paid that homage which the heart denies.

Those sculptured walls my feet shall never tread, where varnished Vice and Vanity, combined to dazzle and seduce, their banners spread, and forge vile shackles for the free-born mind; where Insolence his wrinkled front uprears, and all the flowers of spurious fancy blow; and Title his ill-woven chaplet wears—full often wreathed around the miscreant's brow; where ever-dimpling Falsehood, pert and vain, presents her sup of stale profession's

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froth; and pale Disease, with all his bloated train, torments the sons of gluttony and sloth. In Fortune's car behold the minion ride, with either India's glittering spoils oppressed; so moves the sumpter-mule, in harnessed pride, that bears the treasure which he cannot taste. For him let venal bards disgrace the bay, and hireling minstrels wake the tinkling string; her sensual snares let faithless Pleasure lay, and all her jingling bells fantastic Folly ring;—disquiet, doubt and dread shall intervene; and Nature, still to all her feelings just, in vengeance hang a damp on every scene, shook from the baneful pinions of disgust.

Nature I'll court in her sequestered haunts, by mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove or cell; where the poised lark his evening ditty chants, and health, and peace, and contemplation dwell. There Study shall with Solitude recline, and Friendship pledge me to his fellow-swains; and Toil and Temperance sedately twine the slender cord that fluttering life sustains; and fearless poverty shall guard the door; and Taste unspoiled the frugal table spread; and Industry supply the humble store; and Sleep, unbribed, his dews refreshing shed; white-mantled Innocence, ethereal sprite, shall chase far off the goblins of the night; and Independence o'er the day preside;—propitious power! my patron and my pride!

THE WRECK.

BYRON.

Scarcely ever has such a startling picture been portrayed by words. The reader should try by tone, accent, and gesture to give the author's evident meaning:

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—
  Then shriek'd the timid and stood still the brave—
Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,
  As eager to anticipate their grave;
And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell,
  And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And tries to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there rush'd
  Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder; and then all was hush'd,
  Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows; but at intervals there gush'd,
  Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

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DEPARTURE OE MARMION.

SCOTT.

To deliver this noble extract aright, the student should carefully study every line, and thus obtain an insight into the characters of Douglas and Marmion. The voice should ... as much as possible in every respect, to personify the ... warriors:

Not far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troop array
To Surrey's camp to ride;
He had safe conduct for his band,
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
And Douglas gave a guide:
The ancient earl, with stately grace,
Would Clara on her palfrey place,
And whispered, in an under tone,
"Let the hawk stoop,—his prey is flown!"
The train from out the castle drew;
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu:—
"Though something I might plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your king's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I staid,—
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble earl, receive my hand."

But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms and thus he spoke:—
"My manors, halls and bowers shall still
Be open at my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer;
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation-stone—
The hand of Douglas is his own;
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp!"

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,
And—"This to me!" he said,—
"An' 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!

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And, first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate!

"And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword),
I tell thee, thou'rt defied!
And if thou said'st I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"

On the earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
Fierce he broke forth:—"And dar'st thou, then,
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hop'st thou thence unscath'd to go?—
No! by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms!—what, warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall!"

Lord Marmion turned—well was his need!—
And dashed the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway sprung,
The ponderous gate behind him rung;
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, razed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise;
Not lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim:
And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
He halts and turns with clenched hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.

"Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "and chase!"
But soon he reined his fury's pace:
"A royal messenger he came,
Though most unworthy of the name.
A letter forged! Saint Jude to speed!
Did ever knight so foul a deed!
At first in heart it liked me ill,
When the king praised his clerkly skill.

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Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine,
Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line:
So swore I, and I swear it still,
Let my boy-bishop fret his fill.

"Saint Mary mend my fiery mood!
Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood;
I thought to slay him where he stood.
'Tis pity of him, too," he cried;
"Bold can he speak, and fairly ride:
I warrant him a warrior tried."
With this his mandate he recalls,
And slowly seeks his castle walls.

WAR SONG OF THE GREEKS.

BARRY CORNWALL.

This should be delivered with a prompt, fearless enunciation, as though the speaker's heart was charged with the electric fire of love of country:

Awake! 'tis the terror of war!
The crescent is tossed on the wind;
But our flag flies on high, like the perilous star
Of the battle. Before and behind,
Wherever it glitters, it darts
Bright death into tyrannous hearts.

Who are they that now bid us be slaves?
They are foes to the good and the free;
Go, bid them first fetter the might of the waves!
The sea may be conquered; but we
Have spirits untamable still,
And the strength to be free,—and the will!

The Helots are come: in their eyes
Proud hate and fierce massacre burn;
They hate us,—but shall they despise?
They are come,—shall they ever return?
O, God of the Greeks! from thy throne
Look down, and we'll conquer alone!

Our fathers,—each man was a god,
His will was a law, and the sound
Of his voice, like a spirit's, was worshipped: he trod,
And thousands fell worshippers round:
From the gates of the West to the Sun,
He bade, and his bidding was done.

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No. 14.—See Appendix.

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And we,—shall we die in our chains,
  Who once were as free as the wind?
Who is it that threatens,—who is it arraigns?
  Are they princes of Europe or Ind?
Are they kings to the uttermost pole?
They are dogs, with a taint on their soul?

SORROW FOR THE DEAD.

IRVING.

The following extract, as remarkable for the purity of its expression as the justness of its sentiment, should be spoken in a tone of unaffected feeling:

There is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead, to which we turn even from the charms of the living. O, the grave! the grave! It buries every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave, even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him?

But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up, in long review, the whloe history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments, lavished upon us—almost unheeded—in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness—the solemn, awful tenderness—of the parting scene. The bed of death, with all its stifled griefs—its noiseless attendance—its mute, watchful assiduities. The last testimonies of expiring love! The feeble, fluttering, thrilling—O, how thrilling!—pressure of the hand! The last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us, even from the threshold of existence! The faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection!

Ay! go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience, for every past benefit unrequited—every past endearment unregarded—of that departed being, who can never—never—never return, to be soothed by thy contrition! If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent,—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth,—if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed the spirit that generously confided in thee,—if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still be-

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neath thy feet;—then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul; then be sure that thou wilt lie down, sorrowing and repentant, on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear --more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing!

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret; but, take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS TO THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES, 1842.

HENRY CLAY.

This eloquent farewell address of the great Kentuckian should be given with the full, sonorous voice of its author, if possible—the figure proudly erect, the arm now sweeping over the Senate, then bearing the good right hand to that brave honest heart, while with heaven-turned eye he appeals to the great Searcher of Hearts as to the integrity of his motives:

And now, allow me to announce, formally and officially, my retirement from the Senate of the United States, and to present the last motion I shall ever make in this body. But, before I make that motion, I trust I shall be pardoned if I avail myself, with the permission and indulgence of the senate, of this last occasion of addressing to it a few more observations.

I entered the Senate of the United States in December, 1806. I regarded that body then, and still consider it, as one which may compare, without disadvantage, with any legislative assembly, either in ancient or modern times,—whether I look to its dignity, the extent and importance of its powers, the ability by which its individual members have been distinguished, or its organic constitution. If compared in any of these respects with the senates either of France or of England, that of the United States will sustain no derogation.

With respect to the mode of constituting those bodies, I may observe, that, in the House of Peers in England, with the exceptions of Ireland and of Scotland,—and in that of France with no exception whatever,—the members hold their places in their individual rights, under no delegate authority,—not even from the order to

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which they belong,—but derive them from the grant of the crown, transmitted by descent, or created in new patents of nobility; while here we have the proud and more noble title of representatives of sovereign states, of distinct and independent commonwealths.

If we look again at the powers exercised by the senates of France and England, and by the senate of the United States, we shall find that the aggregate of power is much greater here. In all, the respective bodies possess the legislative power. In the foreign senates, as in this, the judicial power is invested, although there it exists in a larger degree than here.

But, on the other hand, that vast, undefined, and undefinable power, involved in the right to co-operate with the executive in the formation and ratification of treaties, is enjoyed in all its magnitude and consequence by this body, while it is possessed by neither of theirs: besides which, there is another function of very great practical importance—that of sharing with the executive branch in distributing the immense patronage of this government. In both these latter respects we stand on grounds different from the House of Peers either of England or France.

And then, as to the dignity and decorum of its proceedings, and ordinarily as to the ability of its members, I may, with great truth, declare that, during the whole long period of my knowledge of this senate it can, without arrogance or presumption, stand an advantageous comparison with any deliberate body that ever existed in ancient or modern times.

Full of attraction, however, as a seat in the senate is, sufficient as it is to satisfy the aspirations of the most ambitious heart, I have long determined to relinquish it, and to seek that repose which can be enjoyed only in the shades of private life, in the circle of one's own family, and in the tranquil enjoyments included in one enchanting word—Home.

It was my purpose to terminate my connection with this body in November, 1840, after the memorable and glorious political struggle which distinguished that year; but I learned, soon after, what indeed I had for some time anticipated from the result of my own reflections, that an extra session of Congress would be called; and I felt desirous to co-operate with my political and personal friends in restoring, if it could be affected, the prosperity of the country, by the best measures which their united counsels might be able to devise; and I therefore attended the extra session.

* * * * * * * * *

From 1806, the period of my entrance upon this noble theatre, with short intervals, to the present time, I have been engaged in the public councils at home or abroad. Of the services rendered during that long and arduous period of my life it does not become me to speak; history, if she deign to notice me, and posterity, if the recollection of my humble actions shall be transmitted to posterity, are the best, the truest, and the most impartial judges.

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When death has closed the scene, their sentence will be pronounced, and to that I commit myself.

My public conduct is a fair subject for the criticism and judgment of my fellow-men; but the motives by which I have been prompted are known only to the great Searcher of the human heart and to myself; and I trust I may be pardoned for repeating a declaration made some thirteen years ago, that, whatever errors —and doubtless there have been many—may be discovered in a review of my public service, I can, with unshaken confidence, appeal to that Divine Arbiter for the truth of the declaration, that I have been influenced by no impure purpose, no personal motive; have sought no personal aggrandizement; but that, in all my public acts, I have had a single eye directed, and a warm and devoted heart dedicated, to what, in my best judgment, I believed the true interests, the honor, the union, and the happiness of my country required.

During that long period, however, I have not escaped the fate of other public men, nor failed to incur censure and detraction of the bitterest, most unrelenting, and most malignant character; and though not always insensible to the pain it was meant to inflict, I have borne it in general with composure, and without disturbance here [pointing to his breast], waiting, as I have done, in perfect and undoubting confidence, for the ultimate triumph of justice and of truth, and in the entire persuasion that time would settle all things as they should be, and that whatever wrong or injustice I might experience at the hands of man, He to whom all hearts are open and fully known would, by the inscrutable dispensations of his providence, rectify all error, redress all wrong, and cause ample justice to be done.

THE SEMINOLE'S REPLY.

G. W. PATTEN.

This piece calls for a bold, loud tone, with an expression of face indicative of scorn and hatred:

Blaze, with your serried columns!
I will not bend the knee!
The shackles ne'er again shall bind
The arm which now is free.
I've mailed it with the thunder,
When the tempest muttered low;
And where it falls ye well may dread
The lightning of its blow!

I've scared ye in the city,
I've scalped ye on the plain;
Go, count your chosen, where they fell
Beneath my leaden rain!

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I scorn your proffered treaty!
The pale-face I defy!
Revenge is stamped upon my spear,
And blood my battle-cry!

Ye've trailed me through the forest,
Ye've tracked me o'er the stream;
And, struggling through the everglade,
Your bristling bayonets gleam;
But I stand as should the warrior,
With his rifle and his spear;
The scalp of vengeance still is red,
And warns ye,—Come not here!

I loathe ye in my bosom,
I scorn ye with my eye,
And I'll taunt ye with my latest breath,
And fight ye till I die!
I ne'er will ask ye quarter,
And I ne'er will be your slave;
But I'll swim the sea of slaughter,
Till I sink beneath the wave!

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

SHAKESPEARE.

The first portion of this famous piece should be delivered with an air of profound melancholy—the tone of voice deep and sad. As the speaker contrasts his father with his uncle the eye should flash, and every tone express admiration of the one—detestation of the other:

O that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! oh fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature,
Possess it merely.
That it should come to this!
But two months dead; nay, not so much; not two;
So excellent a king, that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr, so loving to my mother,
That he permitted not the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly.

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Heaven and earth!
Must I remember?—Why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on; yet, within a month—
Let me not think—Frailty, thy name is Woman!
A little month! or ere those shoes were old,
With which she followed my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears—Why, she, even she,—
(O Heaven! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourned longer!)—married with mine uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules.
Within a month!—
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galléd eyes,
She married!—O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to * * * * *!
It is not, nor it cannot come to good,
But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue!

EXTENSION OF THE AMERICAN UNION.

WEBSTER.

This noble speech, and, indeed, all the orations of Webster, should be delivered with bold, full, clear tones—each word pronounced plainly and distinctly—the words swelling organ-like as the speaker becomes inspired by the grandeur and majesty of his theme:

Your sentiment, Mr. President, calling me up before this meeting, speaks of the constitution under which we live,—of the Union which for sixty years has been over us and made us associates with those who settled at the mouth of the Mississippi and their descendants, and now, at last, fellow-citizens with those who have come from all corners of the earth, and settled in California.

I confess I have had my doubts whether the republican system under which we live could be so vastly extended without danger of dissolution. Thus far, I willingly admit, my apprehensions have not been realized. The distance is vast—the intervening country is vast. But the representative system on which our government is established seems to be indefinitely expansive, and wherever it does extend, it draws after it a love of the Union under which we exist.

I believe California and New Mexico have had new life inspired into the people. They consider themselves new beings, a new

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creation, a new existence. They are not the men they thought themselves to be, now that they find they are members of this great government, and hailed as citizens of the United States of America. I hope, in the providence of God, as this system of states and representative governments shall extend, that it will be strengthened.

Social agitations disturb it less. If there has been on the Atlantic coast, somewhere south of the Potomac (and I will not define further where it is), if there has been dissatisfaction, that dissatisfaction has not been felt in California—it has not been felt on that side of the Rocky Mountains.

It is a localism; and I am one of those who believe that our system of government is not to be destroyed by localisms, North or South. No: we have our private opinions, state prejudices, local ideas; but, above all, submerging all, drowning all, is that great sentiment, that, always and nevertheless, we are Americans. It is as Americans that we are known the whole world over.

Who asks what state you are from, in Europe, or in Africa, or in Asia? Is he an American?—is he of us? Does he belong to the flag of the country? Does that flag protect him? Does he honor and support it? Does he rest under the eagle and stars and stripes? If he does, if he is, all else is subordinate, and worthy of but little concern.

Now, it is our duty, while we live on the earth, to cherish this sentiment, to make it prevail, even if it should spread over the whole continent. It is our duty to carry out English principles,—I mean, sir, Anglo-Saxon American-English principles,—over the whole continent; the great principles of Magna Charta, of the English revolution, and of the English language. Our children will hear Shakespeare and Milton recited on the shores of the Pacific.

Nay, before that, American ideas, which are essentially English ideas, will penetrate the Mexican, the Spanish mind; and they will thank God that they have been brought to know something of civil liberty, of the trial by jury, and of security for personal rights. As for the rest, let us take courage. The day-spring from on high has visited us. Light has broken in upon us. There is no longer imminent danger of dissolution in these United States.

We shall live, and not die—we shall live as united Americans; and those who have supposed that they could sever us, could rend one American heart from another, and that secession and metaphysics could tear us asunder, will find themselves egregiously mistaken.

Let the mind of the sober American people remain sober; let it not inflame itself; let it do justice to all. The truest course, and the surest course is to leave those who meditate disunion to themselves, and see what they can make of it. No, gentlemen, the

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time is past ; Americans, North and South will hereafter be more and more united.

There has been lately aroused a sternness and severity in the public mind. I believe that North and South, there has been in the last year, a renovation of public sentiment, of the spirit of union, and, more than all, of attachment to the constitution as indispensably necessary ; and if we would preserve our nationality, this spirit of devotion should be largely increased. And who doubts it ?

If we give up that constitution, what are we ? You are a Manhattan man—I am a Boston man. Another is a Connecticut, and another a Rhode Island man. Is it not a great deal better, standing hand to hand, and clasping hands, that we should stand as we have for sixty years, citizens of the same country, members of the same government, united all—united now, and united forever ? That we shall be, gentlemen. There have been difficulties, contentions, controversies—angry controversies. But I tell you that, in my judgment,

" those opposed eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way."

TO THE WEST.

GALLAGHER.

While the descriptions of natural scenery should be spoken in rather restrained, though still enthusiastic manner, neither voice, action nor gesture should be constrained in the dramatic passages, of which there are many fine ones in the poem :

Land of the West !—green forest-land !
Clime of the fair, and the immense !
Favorite of Nature's liberal hand,
And child of her munificence !
Filled with a rapture warm, intense,
High on a cloud-girt hill I stand,
And, with clear vision gazing thence,
Thy glories round me far expand :
Rivers, whose likeness earth has not,
And lakes, that elsewhere seas would be,—
Whose shores the countless wild herds dot,
Fleet as the winds, and all as free ;

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Mountains, that pierce the bending sky,
And with the storm-cloud warfare wage,
Shooting their glittering peaks on high,
To mock the fierce, red lightning's rage;
Arcadian vales, with vine-hung bowers,
And grassy nooks, 'neath beechen shade,
Where dance the never-resting Hours,
To music of the bright cascade;
Skies softly beautiful, and blue
As Italy's, with stars as bright;
Flowers rich as morning's sunrise hue,
And gorgeous as the gemmed midnight.
Land of the West! green forest-land!
hus hath Creation's bounteous hand
Upon thine ample bosom flung
Charms such as were her gift when the gray world was young!
Land of the West!—where naught is old
Or fading, but tradition hoary—
Thy yet unwritten annals hold
Of many a daring deed the story!
Man's might of arm hath here been tried,
And woman's glorious strength of soul,
When war's fierce shout rang far and wide,
When vengeful foes at midnight stole
On slumbering innocence, and gave
Nor onset-shout, nor warning word,
Nor Nature's strong appealings heard
From woman's lips, to "spare and save
Her unsuspecting little one,
Her only child—her son! her son!"
Unheard the supplicating tone,
Which ends in now a shriek, and now a deep death-groan!
Land of the West!—green forest-land!
Thine early day for deeds is famed
Which in historic page shall stand
Till bravery is no longer named.
Thine early day!—it nursed a band
Of men who ne'er their lineage shamed:
The iron-nerved, the bravely good,
Who neither spared nor lavished blood—
Aye, ready, morn, or night, or noon;
Fleet in the race, firm in the field,
Their sinewy arms their only shield—
Courage to death alone to yield;
The men of Daniel Boone!
Their dwelling place the "good green-wood;"
Their favorite haunts—the long arcade,

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The murmuring and majestic flood,
The deep and solemn shade:
Where to them came the word of God,
When storm and darkness were abroad,
Breathed in the thunder's voice aloud,
And writ in lightning on the cloud.
And thus they lived: the dead leaves oft,
Heaped by the playful winds, their bed;
Nor wished they couch more warm or soft,
Nor pillow for the head,
Other than fitting root, or stone,
With the scant wood-moss overgrown.
Heroic band! But they have passed,
As pass the stars at rise of sun:
Melting into the ocean vast
Of Time, and sinking, one by one;
Yet lingering here and there a few,
As if to take a last, long view
Of the domain they won in strife
With foes who battled to the knife.
Peace unto those that sleep beneath us!
All honor to the few that yet do linger with us!
Land of the West!—thine early prime
Fades in the flight of hurrying Time;
Thy noble forests fall, as sweep
Europa's myriads o'er the deep;
And thy broad plains, with welcome warm,
Receive the onward-pressing swarm:
On mountain height, in lowly vale,
By quiet lake, or gliding river,—
Wherever sweeps the chainless gale,
Onward sweep they, and forever.
O, may they come with hearts that ne'er
Can bend a tyrant's chain to wear;
With souls that would indignant turn,
And proud oppression's minions spurn;
With nerves of steel, and words of flame,
To strike and sear the wretch who'd bring our land to shame!
Land of the West!—beneath the heaven
There's not a fairer, lovelier clime;
Nor one to which was ever given
A destiny more high, sublime.
From Alleghany's base, to where
Our western Andes prop the sky,
The home of Freedom's hearts is there,
And o'er it Freedom's eagles fly.
And here, should e'er Columbia's land

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No. 15.—See Appendix.

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Be rent with fierce intestine feud,
Shall Freedom's latest cohorts stand,
Till Freedom's eagles sink in blood,
And quenched are all the stars that now her banners stud!

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

NORTON.

The first stanza should be spoken in a fresh, joyous, light tone; the second in a rich, melodious, fuller voice; the third in a more manly set accent; the last in faint, faltering tones:

We stand among the fallen leaves,
Young children at our play,
And laugh to see the yellow things
Go rustling on their way:
Right merrily we hunt them down,
The autumn winds and we,
Nor pause to gaze where snow-drifts lie,
Or sunbeams gild the tree:
With dancing feet we leap along
Where withered boughs are strown,
Nor past nor future checks our song
The present is our own.

We stand among the fallen leaves
In youth's enchanted spring—
When Hope (who wearies at the last)
First spreads her eagle wing.
We tread with steps of conscious strength
Beneath the leafless trees,
And the color kindles in our cheek
As blows the winter breeze;
While, gazing towards the cold gray sky,
Clouded with snow and rain,
We wish the old year all past by,
And the young spring come again.

We stand among the fallen leaves
In manhood's haughty prime—
When first our pausing hearts begin
To love "the olden time;"
And, as we gaze, we sigh to think
How many a year hath pass'd
Since 'neath those cold and faded trees
Our footsteps wander'd last;

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And old companions—now perchance
Estranged, forgot, or dead—
Come round us, as those autumn leaves
Are crush'd beneath our tread.

We stand among the fallen leaves
In our *own* autumn day—
And tott'ring on with feeble steps,
Pursue our cheerless way.
We look not back—too long ago
Hath all we love been lost;
Nor forward—for we may not live
To see our new hope cross'd:
But on we go—the sun's faint beam
A feeble warmth imparts—
Childhood without its joy returns—
The present fills our hearts!

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

BYRON.

This should be delivered in a lofty, impressive tone of voice, with a grave, solemn, majestic manner:

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls, nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strewn.

For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleeper waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved and forever grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride:
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances uplifted, the trumpet unblown.

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And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

EMIR HASSAN.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

This piece should be delivered in a quiet, unimpassioned manner. The slave should speak respectfully to Hassan. The Emir's responses should be delivered in a solemn tone, as though he felt he was but the servant of the Emir of Emirs:

Emir Hassan, of the prophet's race,
Asked, with folded hands, the Almighty's grace.
Then, within the banquet hall he sat,
At his meal, upon the embroidered mat.

There a slave before him placed the food,
Spilling from the charger, as he stood,
Awkwardly upon the Emir's breast
Drops that foully stained the silken vest.

To the floor, in great remorse and dread,
Fell the slave, and thus, beseeching said:
"Master, they who hasten to restrain
Rising wrath, in paradise shall reign."

Gentle was the answer Hassan gave:
"I'm not angry." "Yet," pursued the slave,
"Yet doth higher recompense belong
To the injured who forgives a wrong."

"I forgive," said Hassan. "Yet we read,"
So the prostrate slave went on to plead,
That a higher seat in glory still
Waits the man who renders good for ill."

"Slave, receive thy freedom, and behold
In thy hand I lay a purse of gold.
Let me never fail to heed, in aught,
What the prophet of our God hath taught."

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APPENDIX.

GRIEF.

Description of Figure 1, *Page* 13.

The right foot slightly advanced; the body fairly poised upon both feet; the left arm dropped close to the side; the right arm advanced a little to the front; both hands open; in the right hand, the palm downwards; the head slightly leaning forward; the eyes directed downwards, with lids drooping. This attitude and expression is suitable for grief, as when Marc Antony says:

"My heart is in the coffin there
With Cæsar."

DISLIKE.

Description of Figure 2, *Page* 25.

The right foot somewhat advanced; the left knee a little bent; the right arm almost falling straight, but a little advanced toward the middle of the figure; the left hand a little extended from the side; the hands almost open, the palms downwards; the head a little drooped forward; the face turned toward the right shoulder. This position and expression indicates dislike or loathing. Such an appearance would be that of Othello, when he exclaims:

"What committed?
Committed!—Oh, thou public commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds."

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MODESTY.

Description of Figure 3, Page 81.

The right foot set fairly on the ground; the left heel a little lifted; the right arm at full length, but a few inches from the side; the hand open, the back of the hand in front; the left arm close to the body to the elbow; the fore-arm a little extended from the body, but tending downward; the hand open; the palm downward. This attitude and gesture will express modesty and respect for the persons addressed. Thus would Norval stand in addressing Randolph:

"Small is the skill my lord delights to praise
In him he favors:
Hear from whence it came;
In a deep cave, remote from public view—
A hermit lived, a melancholy man," etc.

REGRET.

Description of Figure 4, Page 49.

The right foot forward; the legs well together; the right arm nearly perpendicular with the body; the hand about one foot from the thigh; the hand nearly open; the thumb and fingers pointing down; the left arm close to the body to the elbow, then slightly extending outward; the head turned a little backward, over the right shoulder, and very slightly inclined forward; the eyes gazing on the distance. This figure would aptly show regret at losing some loved object or country. Thus when Adam leaves Eden, he says:

"Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave
Thee, native soil! these happy walks and shades,
Fit haunt of Gods? where I had hope to spend,
Quiet, tho' sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both.
* * * Thee, lastly, nuptial bower,
From thee, how shall I part?"

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RESOLUTION.

Description of Figure 5, *Page* 61.

The heels well together; the form straight; the left arm nearly perpendicular with the body, and about nine inches from it; the right arm, as far as the elbow close to the body, from the elbow rather extended out; the palms of both hands turned down; the head held firmly, but not boastingly erect. This position and manner would indicate firmness, as when Daniel Webster stoutly planted himself on the platform in Old Faneuil Hall, and exclaimed:

"I take no step backward!"

ADMIRATION.

Description of Figure 6, *Page* 73.

The right foot very slightly advanced; the left knee bent a little so as to bring the figure into an easy, agreeable posture; the form quite erect; the shoulders well back; the right arm stretched out on a level with the breast; the hand open, and the index finger pointed at the object spoken of (or to); the left arm close to the hip, but from the hip slightly extended from the body; the hand expanded and palm down. Such an attitude and expression would well befit the lines which Hamlet addresses to his mother:

"See what a grace was seated on this brow;
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every God did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man."

CAUTION.

Description of Figure 7, *Page* 85.

The right foot about an inch in advance; the legs close together; the form at ease; the right arm bent so that the back of the open fingers touches the lips; the left arm at the side, but slightly ex-

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tended, partly forward, partly side ways; the hand open, the palm downwards. This would be a suitable posture and expression when the jealous Moor is about to stealthily enter the chamber of the sleeping Desdemona—where he says:

"It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!
It is the cause."

ADORATION.

Description of Figure 8, *Page* 97.

The right foot moderately advanced; the attitude gracefully easy; the right arm bent at the elbow; the thumb being on a level with the shoulder; the hand open, the palm outward; the left arm hanging down perpendicular with, and a short distance from the side, the hand nearly open, the palm down; the head slightly thrown back; the eyes upturned. An expression and attitude like this would well befit the utterance of the fine line from Byron:

"Ye stars, which are the poetry of heaven!"

DISDAIN.

Description of Figure 9, *Page* 109.

The weight of the body resting on the right foot; the left foot merely touching the toe to the ground; the right arm extended at full length, straight from the shoulder; the hand open, palm down; the left arm a little from the side; the hand extended; the palm down; the body proudly erect; the face turned to the right; the eyes following the pointing of the extended right hand. This position and gesture is indicative of pride and conscious self-superiority, as when Coriolanus, turning on the Roman rabble, exclaims:

"Ye common cry of curs, whose breath I hate,
As reek o' the rotten fens; whose love I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do pollute the air!
I banish you!"

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CURSING.

Description of Figure 10, *Page* 121.

The feet slightly separated, the right foot very little in advance; the right arm extended straight from the body, in the direction of the thing or person addressed; the hand almost open, fingers slightly contracted; the left arm stiffly at the side, some distance from the person, palm of open hand to the front; shoulders well back; head erect; lips wearing a fierce expression; eyes glancing malignantly.

These lines from *Timon* would well accompany such attitude and expression:

"Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdles in those wolves! Dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent,
Obedience fail in children! slaves, and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! to general filths
Convert o' the instant green virginity!
Do't in your parent's eyes! bankrupts, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! bound servants, steal!
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
* * * * * son of sixteen,
Pluck the lined crutch from thy old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighborhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And yet confusion live!—Plagues, incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke!

APPEAL.

Description of Figure 11, *Page* 133.

Right foot a little in advance; left knee very slightly bent; shoulders thrown back somewhat; face a little upturned; eyes lifted heavenward; right arm extended; hand open, and a little above the level of the forehead; left arm extended almost horizon-

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tally, so as to bring the wrist just below the belt; the hand open, palm upwards. So might the following words of Isabella be delivered:

"Merciful Heaven!
Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Splitt'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle;—O, but man, proud man!
Dressed in a little brief authority,—
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep."

HATE.

Description of Figure 12, *Page* 145.

The right foot advanced, so that its heel just precedes the left foot; the body slightly bent back; the face turned to the sky, the gaze directed upwards, with a fierce expression; the eyes full of baleful light; the right arm held straight up; the fingers very little curved; the left arm extended from the person; the hand open, palm up. Satan might so have stood when apostrophizing the sun:

"And add thy name,
Oh, Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to me remembrance from what state I fell."

PATRIOTISM.

Description of Figure 13, *Page* 157.

The right foot a slight space in advance; the form elevated to full height; the right arm extended, and the hand just raised to a level with the eyes; the left arm extended, so that the wrist is on a level with the waist; the hand open, the palm horizontal with the body. Such an attitude would be suitable while delivering Scott's lines:

"Lives there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said:
'This is my own, my native land!'"

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COURAGE.

Description of Figure 14, *Page* 169.

The left foot a little in advance; the figure somewhat thrown back, so that the breast is well advanced; the arms fully extended; hands open; the right hand on a level with forehead; the left on a level with lower part of thigh; the right palm partly turned upward, the left partly down. Brutus might so have stood when he said to Cassius:

"And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold;
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius."

INVOCATION.

Description of Figure 15, *Page* 181.

Heels well together; form erect; arms fully extended; the right hand to a level with the face; the left arm so that the hand is below the waist; the head turned sideway as though admiring the elevated objects looked at. Thus might William Tell have appeared when addressing the mountaineers of his native land:

"To arms, my friends! And let no sword be sheathed
Until our land, from cliff to lake, is free!
Free as our torrents are, that leap our rocks,
Or as our peaks, that wear their caps of snow
In very presence of the regal sun!
A country's never lost, that hath one man
To wrestle with the tyrant who'd enslave her!"

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